

## THE ART-JOURNAL.



LONDON: JUNE 1, 1871.

## THE ROYAL ACADEMY.

## THE ONE HUNDRED AND THIRD EXHIBITION.

THE Exhibition of the Academy scarcely disappoints, though it does not precisely fulfil, public expectation. People naturally imagined, when the magnificent galleries were open in Burlington House, that a new era was about to dawn on British Art. But it is more easy to build handsome rooms than to fill them with noble pictures. At all events, after the experience of three years, we find things settling down pretty much to the state in which they were before. The number of Academicians rests at forty as of old, the Associates are practically restricted still to twenty, and the creation of six Honorary Foreign Members has again failed to bring to the constitution of the Academy or to the contents of the Exhibition any marked change. And thus it happens that the 1,338 works, distributed over fourteen rooms, are very much of that order of merit which has long prevailed in the most distinguished and still the most conservative gathering of the year. The Academy, if it have made no marked forward movement, is certainly not in retrogression. On the contrary, its strength, financially, socially, and even artistically, is greater now than at any previous period in its history. And we think it may equally be conceded that the one hundred and third Exhibition, now open, though more exclusive than many people might wish, gives a fair and tolerably full representation to the Art-talent of the country.

The aspect of the walls and the general arrangement of the galleries present little variation on recent Exhibitions. The materials to be dealt with by the hangers, Messrs. Cope, Redgrave, Ansdell, Sant, and Wells, are about the same as in the two previous years. Yet it would seem that the pressure from without—the clamour raised on behalf of rejected addresses—has induced the admission of a larger number of pictures than heretofore. In the last exhibition in Trafalgar Square were hung 925 pictorial works: in the first year in Burlington House 1,141, in the second 1,035, and now in the third Exhibition in the new galleries the total amounts to 1,178, being an excess of 253 on the last year in Trafalgar Square and 37 on the first year in Burlington House. The number of pictures rejected or crowded out continues to be pain-

fully large, as it always must be, just in proportion as the aspirants are many and the standard maintained is high. Talent which meets with disappointment, or which may have to bide its time, cannot but claim our sympathy; yet no more useful duty devolves on a governing body than that of rejection, and the lesson thus given to young artists is often most salutary. Each year, doubtless, mistakes are made, yet we incline to think that errors arise more from favouritism than from neglect. In Art-matters bribery is probably unknown, but intimidation and treating may in some quarters be still deemed legitimate influences. The claims of blood and of friendship are strong all the world over. The Academy would seem but to share in a common infirmity, favouritism is evident on its walls; yet Associations, from time to time started in protest against the Academy, fall into very much the same ways. On the whole the Exhibition shows power and independence as to rejection, with considerable impartiality in the selection. The collection is certainly widely representative.

The hanging of the Exhibition strikes us as fair, though certainly in some places far from judicious. The great gallery must be pronounced a failure, the arrangement shows little taste, the effect is patchy and incongruous. Speaking generally, we may say that the fairness which has for the most part prevailed is proved by the good places accorded to new comers. Academicians would here and there seem to have graciously given way to the rising talent of young men who one day will themselves be within the pale of the Academy, and the number of works which meet the eye by artists till now but little known strikes us as unusually large. The hangers have not materially departed from the precedent of the last two years; the several galleries, as we have said, present successively their habitual aspect. The subjects are of the ordinary routine, though what may be termed the rustic-domestic in general, and the Scotch school in particular, would seem for the moment thrown a little in the shade. At the same time may be observed a preponderance of works of imaginative scope, of subjects which aim, if not at history, at any rate at historic costume. A good time coming seems at hand, at least for pictures painted long ago and lying for years in expectancy; one or two such works we have known, now at length appear. The Council would seem not proof against imposition. As to foreign importations they are distributed freely about and scarcely in excess, though the number of pictures from the Continent seeking places and purchasers is beyond all previous experiences. It is understood that a large number of foreign works have sought entrance in vain, and we are glad to hear of any action taken which may serve to preserve an English Academy for the primary benefit of Englishmen. A survey of the whole Exhibition, wherein the interest is never permitted to flag, will tend to reconcile the visitor to the present condition of our national school. It may be a little unfortunate that memory still dwells with the old masters recently exhibited in these galleries. But it is right to bear in mind that all existing schools, whether at home or abroad, must suffer under comparison with the greatest, which were in fact the exceptional products of past ages. But it may be truly said that the present Exhibition shows in the latest phases of our school a nearer approach to historic standards.

The contents of the Exhibition may be summed up as follows. Number of pic-

torial works 1,178; number of works in sculpture 160: total 1,338. Of this total 94 are contributed by Academicians; 49 by Associates; 2 by Honorary Foreign Academicians: total contributions from the Academy, 145. Against this total it is interesting to set the 1,193 works from outsiders. In further proof that the Academy is not solely maintained, as some would have us suppose, in the interest of its members, but likewise for the well-being of artists at large, it may be stated that of 790 contributors only 51 belong to the Academy, while 739 are outsiders. Only 29 Academicians are present: the absentees, who are eleven, are as follows: Sir W. Boxall, Messrs. Barry, Foley, Goodall, Hart, Sir E. Landseer, Messrs. Lee, Lewis, Richmond, Robinson, Scott. All the Associates are present with the exception of Mr. O'Neil and Mr. Lane. While, on the other hand, all the Honorary Foreign Academicians are absent save M. Gerome, who, in the present state of France, naturally prefers London to Paris.

## GALLERY NO. I.

The first room is so arranged as to make a pleasant prelude to the Exhibition. Following the example of previous years the selection is agreeably varied, so as to give in some degree an epitome of the contents of the whole collection. Again the catalogue commences with a landscape, and though figures and landscapes are balanced and blended, a preponderance is once more given by way of courtesy to that branch of Art which the Academy is supposed in past years to have slighted. The places of honour are assigned, not to historic events, but to trees, rivers, valleys, hills. Among landscapes the principal are, 'Chill October,' by Mr. MILLAIS, 'Autumn Gold,' by Mr. VICAT COLE, 'Blackberry Gatherers,' by Mr. G. SANT, and 'Lake Lucerne,' by Mr. SYER. Among the figure-pictures will be remembered prominently, 'Peace, a Battlefield of the late War, twenty years hence,' by Mr. ARMITAGE, 'The Fortunes of Little Fritz,' by Mrs. WARD, and 'Old Mortality,' by Mr. CROWE. The hanging has been conducted on the sole principle of making things pleasant all round, though the artists who find themselves on the fourth tier can scarcely be satisfied with the result. For the most part, however, the pictures are seen perfectly well, the room is well-balanced, and yet its aspect is the reverse of brilliant. It strikes the eye as heavy. The number of pictures is 70 (three less than last year), of this total 2 are contributed by two Academicians, 4 by three Associates, and 64 by outsiders. Only two foreign artists are present. The number of outsiders is a little in excess of the average; indeed this first gallery may be regarded as a kind of ante-room, wherein outsiders coming on approval await full honours in the large banquetting chamber.

J. E. MILLAIS, R.A., as a landscape-painter, enters the Academy as the greatest novelty of the year. It is true that in the 'Vale of Rest,' 'Sir Isambard,' and 'The Last of the Romans,' this most versatile of artists has thrown in landscape as an accessory; but here in 'Chill October' (14), for the first time, does he trust entirely to inanimate nature. In every previous picture figures are principal, in the study before us sky, trees, and water, constitute the sole subject. To say that this is the greatest landscape in the Academy would simply prove the want of critical discrimination; it is great in some points and less than great in others. In the first place it is evidently the work of a figure-painter, and the study of the figure, we have often been told, is the best training





for landscape. The advantages and the disadvantages of such academic study are, we think, in the present instance rather equally balanced. 'Chill October' is intelligent in conception, broad in arrangement of masses, definite in plan of light and shade. A bank of willows on the water's brink strikes in dark shade and with sharp serrated edge against the highest light of a grey October sky. The thought is worked out in monotone rather than in colour, and thus, if difficulties be not evaded, the treatment is at any rate simplified. The whole foreground is in possession of thickly-set water-reeds, which, as a multitude of lances, start from ambush. Throughout the artist shows anxiety not to get wrong, and he is wise in knowing at each point where to stop: a professed landscape-painter would have carried the study further, and perhaps might have fared worse. Yet it is observable that the painter is new to the work; the modes of handling are limited, the touches repeat themselves. The relation of details to generals is throughout true, chiefly because the utmost simplicity is studiously preserved. On the whole, this attempt, which beforehand might have been deemed rash—to pass from 'Moses, Aaron, and Hur' (191), in the great gallery, to a flat river scene in England—must be pronounced a success. That a great figure-painter should betake himself to landscape, need excite less surprise when we glance across the channel or extend our vision into historic times. French painters pass freely from figures to trees; and we all know how Titian's 'Peter Martyr' mingled human tragedy with landscape. It has been too much the habit of our English artists to crib and cabin themselves within narrow specialities; they will do well to give larger scope to the universality of genius.

Mr. MACWHIRTER fell upon evil days when the hangers determined to place him in immediate competition with Mr. Millais. 'Into the Depths of the Forest' (15) serves, in fact, by its very depth, to force into relief the picture of a higher key which we have just passed in review. The young landscape school of Scotland, which this year suffers reverse, will do well in future to study delicacy and detail. Among English painters, J. W. Whittaker and J. Syer are severally exiled to the ceiling, because of a rude handling which becomes sublime in distance. Mr. SYER has seldom approached so nearly to nature as in the 'Scene from Fluelen' (69), and Mr. WHITTAKER has only surpassed his 'Rough Road over the Moors' (57), in oils, by similar scenes in water-colours. In common with other members of the water-colour Societies, he is ambitious of the Academy. As a rule, it is easier to descend from oils to water-colours, than to essay the opposite course. Even Mr. Walker has this year met with a fall. This first gallery which, as we have said, is treated as a kind of ante-room where trees and fields come to the very door, contains several landscapes pleasant to look at. The spectator will not object once more to see 'Llanberis Pass' (20), a subject old as the hills, fairly well rendered by R. S. BOND. 'Blackberry Gatherers' (66), we likewise incline to accept as the best work yet produced by G. SANT, though still the style has quite as much of mannerism as of nature. Next in the circuit of the room, two ladies present themselves as worthy of notice and encouragement. 'A Spring Afternoon' (55), by Miss R. BRETT, is a fresh study from nature, and 'A Wotton Glebe,' by Miss F. REDGRAVE, is sparkling, and specially pleasing in the sunny shadow-flecked sward whereon a flock of sheep

reposes. Miss Redgrave has evidently been trained by her father, the Academician. We commenced this list of landscapes with Mr. Millais, we end with Mr. Vicat Cole. The pictures of the Academician and of the Associate occupy, as we have said, the two principal places in this introductory gallery. 'Autumn Gold' (52), in some respects the finest landscape yet exhibited by Mr. COLE in the Academy. It may be objected that certain faults of the painter are more than ever observable, that the colour is heated, the execution indefinite. Still the conception is grand and imposing, and the artist shows no ordinary skill in the means he takes to lead the eye onward into vast space, each point illumined by light and the whole area filled by colour. Vicat Cole occasionally approaches, save in manipulation, John Linnell. And while his touch has less vigour, and his drawing less definition, his imagination, growing in range and glow, brings compensation.

'Peace, a Battle-field of the late War, twenty years hence' (19), by Mr. ARMITAGE, is the most remarkable among the singularly few subjects which the war has yielded to the Academy. An appropriate and prophetic passage is taken by the painter in elucidation of his meaning from the first book of the Georgics of Virgil:

"Scilicet et tempus veniet, cum finibus illis  
Agricola, incurvo terram molitus aratro,  
Exesa inveniet scabra rubigine pila,  
Aut gravibus rastris galeas pulsabit inanes,  
Grandiaque effosis mirabitur ossa sepulchris."

It is not unreasonable to imagine the same incident repeated in the nineteenth century; accordingly, men and oxen ploughing upon a battle-field, come across a soldier's grave, and turn up the empty helmet and broken sword. The picture is in style French, indeed, the composition and tone may recall one of the most famous pictures in the gallery of the Luxembourg, 'Cattle Ploughing,' by Rosa Bonheur. The child asleep in the foreground with nine-pins close beside him, is a pretty well-chosen incident: the associations of the past are all of war, but in the unbroken slumber of the young child there is "Peace." In the picture thus named the drawing is firm, in muscle as in drapery; the details, which are few, are chosen for the sake of adding emphasis to character, the execution aims at strength rather than delicacy—the colour is the reverse of decorative. Pictures of this class gain by exhibition; in private houses they may be little in keeping with modern ornate modes of furnishing, but in public galleries the effect is noble.

Mrs. E. M. WARD has chosen a theme well suited to her talent—'The Fortunes of Little Fritz' (27). It is related that when Frederick the Great was only four years old, a remarkable prophecy was made. An officer, looking at the lines on the hand, cast the destiny of the Crown Prince, and foretold various unpleasant circumstances that would befall him in youth: the prophecy ended that, in riper years Frederick would become one of the first princes in Europe. The picture tells the story well. The bright little fellow, unconscious of calamity as of greatness, stands on a chair, his hand held out while his destiny is proclaimed. Eager interest, verging on consternation, is depicted on the face of all present. The composition is thrown together naturally and pleasantly, the picture is as brilliant in colour as skilful in execution, and the dresses are painted with realistic power. The artist, as usual, obtains a place on the line: it is certainly her right.

Among lady-artists Miss OSBORN has long delayed the fulfilment of the exceptional expectations which great talents

raised in her favour long ago. Neither will the noble head 'Isolde' (37), place her in the position she ought to win. She can put forth greater power, if she will but choose a subject to call it into play. Yet this single head is of ideal beauty, the profuse hair with interwoven peacocks' feathers, and the golden necklace gemmed with opals, bring decorative opulence. The manner is evidently foreign. Large, broad, and not solicitous of finish, the style is that of Piloty, the present leader of the Munich school. Miss Osborn, during a protracted residence in Germany, has had rare advantages, and we shall look with interest for proportionate results.

This introductory gallery, as we have suggested, gives intimation of talents yet to appear more conspicuously. We are glad, for instance, to find Mr. CROWE in 'Old Mortality' (39), reviving the expectation raised by earlier works. The old man earnestly cuts away at a gravestone in a churchyard, while Sir Walter Scott looks on at the subject of his well-known story. The figure of the aged man is graphically delineated, and though the central colour be blue, the pictorial effect is good. Indeed, the well-known prejudice against blue has here again been proved to be unfounded. The painting throughout is solid and sound, and the artist for once gains character without falling into the grotesque. E. LONG improves, though we shall expect still better work than 'The Question of Propriety' (43), taken from the annals of the Inquisition in Seville more than two centuries ago. Francesco Patcheco, the monk, laid down rules of Art from the church point of view, and here a conclave of ecclesiastics is held over the moral proprieties of a dancing-girl. The painter himself strives to be within allowed limits, and in his endeavour his picture scarcely escapes heaviness. Yet the characters are delineated with rare insight, and the execution equals the conception. L. J. POTT, in a picture which hangs as a pendant and contrast to the preceding, deals with the dolorous theme 'Mary Queen of Scots led to Execution' (58); "Allons donc," said the queen of beauty, "let us go;" and passing out, attended by the earls, and leaning on the arm of an officer of the guard, she descended the great staircase of the hall." Mr. Pott, hitherto all but unknown, vaults at one leap into fame. The picture, though not free from defects, has something more than promise, and may be taken in evidence of the amount of latent talent lying comparatively unrecognized. The style pertains to what may be termed conventional history, yet the Queen of Scots marching to execution is a fine conception; strength of resolve is planted in her countenance, and indeed in every nerve and muscle. H. HARDY also surpasses his previous efforts in an effective scene taken from "Barnaby Rudge" (62). The famous raven is alighting on Barnaby's hand, and around are "a score of vagabond dogs belonging to the neighbours." It may be objected that the dogs are not vagabond, they are vastly too smoothly painted for the outcasts of society. Still such defects are but accidents, which the artist may on other occasions avoid. The last picture in the room is by G. A. STOREY: we defer the notice of this artist till we come to a more important work hereafter.

In this gallery is another group, that of artists artificial or sentimental. 'Romeo and Juliet' (5), by T. F. DICKSEE, though a fair example, belongs to a school which should be by this time obsolete. Considering the pressure upon the walls, we can but wonder that this class of work has not been crowded



out. To mention Mr. Thorburn in this category may not be kind: every one remembers the artist in another sphere. Also, perhaps, some apology is due to A. JOHNSTON, when we here throw in 'Isaac Watts and his Mother' (13). From "Christian Classics" the painter is pleased to quote how "on the sunny days the mother of Isaac Watts used to sit on a stone near the window of the prison where her husband lay to expiate his crime as a frequenter of conventicles." It is scarcely a satire on this fancy composition to say that the artist has treated his subject decoratively, that the faces on the canvas belie the story. Still the painter estimates rightly the public to which in these cases appeal is made. The picture is pleasing, and the success which the artist seeks follows in due course.

Naturalistic styles and rustic subjects are somewhat numerous and successful. E. NICOL, A.R.A., produces another strongly-pronounced Irish group—'How it was She was Delayed' (18). J. A. HOUSTON is at his best in 'Buckling' (33). This sturdy knight fastening on his armour is a capital study: the concentration of purpose is striking, the realism of the armour glistening in the high lights is illusive: the picture obtains a good place. Mrs. BRIDELL'S 'Arab Marriage' (36), being hung high, is not so easily appreciated; it evidently, however, is well drawn—the draperies are skilfully cast, and the colouring, as indeed the incident with the accessories, are true to Arab life. Mrs. Bridell's studies in Algeria are usually marked by local character and colour. 'A Capricious Customer' (3), by E. CRAWFORD, is to be commended; also 'The Mid-day Gossip' (28), by S. B. CLARKE. The last is a sunny scene in Venice: the figures are ranged about a picturesque stair against a light background, after a manner which is now affected by a few of our young artists; light, sunshine, summer dazzling heat, and consequent brilliance are sought, and thus attained. The manner, which is of foreign origin, is now fairly naturalised in England. Small but admirable pictures after the Dutch style are contributed by T. Wade, J. M. Barber, A. Stocks, and Edouard Frère. 'Making ready for School' (46), by T. WADE, is remarkably good of its kind: beauty is mingled with humorous character; the quality of *impasto*, execution, and colour, is fine. The future of this artist will be watched with interest. 'Granddad's Darling' (60), by J. M. BARBER, also deserves attention, as one of the many works which nowadays reach almost to an equality with the old Dutch masters.

T. S. COOPER, R.A., in the painting of sheep in a snow-drift has, in past years, in the Academy, proved himself unsurpassed. His sheep are softer in the wool, more expressive in countenance, especially when under suffering, altogether more true to the timid yet sagacious character of sheep, than Mr. Ansdell's fleecy flocks. Mr. Cooper also renders, with truth of line and delicate modulation of light and shade, wide wastes of snow-field undulating from foreground to hazy distance. 'Among the Fells, East Cumberland' (9), must certainly be classed with the artist's best efforts. Snow is not so successfully treated by Mr. OAKES in 'A Winter Morning near Bræmar' (1). The attempt is bold, but the scene almost unpaintable. 'A Combat—scene in the Forest of Glen Tanar' (10), by C. JONES, might have been excluded without serious loss to the Exhibition.

The portraits in this gallery are not very remarkable. 'Colonel Sykes' (35), by J.

ARCHER, R.S.A., is one of the most striking: the likeness is good, the attitude full of character, but the picture lacks colour. Miss STARR paints with refinement and intelligence 'Willie, Son of W. R. Beverley' (32). Also may be commended the head of 'Miss Kitty Ellis' (24), as delineated by F. B. BARWELL. Not so, however, Mr. PEARCE'S wooden effigy, 'The late Rear Admiral Sir James C. Ross, the Arctic and Antarctic Navigator' (26), painted for Greenwich Hospital by desire of several naval officers and scientific men. The picture-gallery of the hospital, which boasts of many renowned works, will have no reason to be proud of this latest addition to its treasury. Somewhat better—indeed, tolerably good—is another large affair painted to order—'The equestrian portrait of Col. Carrick Buchannan, of Drumpellier, accompanied by his huntsman, J. Squires, and favourites of his celebrated pack of foxhounds' (51). The picture will no doubt be appreciated by county people. The painter, Mr. G. STEELE, is a member of the Scottish Academy. The subject naturally suggested emulation of the manner of the president of the English Academy, who, to quote the words of the Duke of Cambridge at the annual dinner, "shines not only with his pencil, but when mounted on his hunter." Hunting-scenes, as a rule, are eminently artistic; but Mr. Steele, as we have intimated, deals with the intractable materials skilfully. The famous M. YVON, of the Legion of Honour, one of the many French painters now in London, contributes portraits of a vigour, breadth, decisive character, and strong colour, which contrast both favourably and unfavourably with our English school of portrait-painting. In a wholly opposite style does C. BAUERLE, the German, paint 'Charlie, son of Sir Charles Nicholson' (29). This artist merges his outlines in his backgrounds; his manner, if artificial, is charming, and will doubtless gain popularity in this country the more it becomes known.

#### GALLERY NO. II.

This is one of the least favoured among the rooms of the Academy. For instance, its wall-spaces are broken by no less than three doors, one whereof leads down to refreshments which emit among the pictures, we must apologize for remarking, anything but aesthetic odours. It is hard upon the Academy that after the lapse of three years it should be still so pressed for space as to be unable to carry out its liberal ideas, if not for Art, at any rate for the creature-comforts of its patrons and its visitors. The failure of the contractors for the erection of rooms for the Royal and other scientific societies, seems to threaten indefinite delay of the time when the Academy shall be able to enter on the extended premises allotted to it. As to the contents of the gallery on which we now enter, we may say that the pictures have been wisely selected and judiciously hung, all circumstances considered. Of a total number of 64 works 8 are contributed by eight Academicians, 4 by four Associates, and 52 by fifty-one outsiders. Of these outsiders three are foreigners. The hangers have carried the pictures three stories high at the utmost; there would be room under pressure for an addition of 50 per cent. on the present admissions. But to hang more works would prejudice the general effect, and lead to no good end. Under the present arrangement each work can be seen fairly well. The Academy being in possession of a handsome architectural interior is careful not to spoil it: the doorways are specially good, hence

the design is not marred by the placing of pictures above the doors—a position which in Trafalgar Square was reserved for revenge.

G. D. LESLIE, A.R.A., furnishes the chief attraction to this gallery in a picture he has never surpassed, 'Nausicaa and her Maids' (103), a subject taken from the Odyssey. The theme is classic in little else save the name. The artist has once more elevated his subject by means of beauty: his models he evidently idealises according to some cherished abstract type. Perhaps this process of idealisation has in this instance been carried rather too far—at any rate the figures lose individuality, they are refined away into generic forms which admit of no variety. The artist aims at tone, unison, tenderness, and seems to fear angularity or abruptness as a musical ear would dread discord. His lines accordingly are harmonious, his colours soft and hazy, his lights evenly diffused. We have said that the work fails of being classic, and yet it is something better than modern. And indeed we incline to think the mind of the artist when designing these graceful figures must have been imbued with the beauty of Greek vases. The cast of the draperies, the pose of the arms, the bend of the wrists and the attitude of the hands are akin to figures in the British Museum and the Vatican. Mr. Leslie, however, does not venture to restrict himself to the profile face, and his style ceases to be strictly classic when it becomes pictorial. The treatment in fact is the reverse of severe, it is romantic. At a time when Art is given to realism and matter-of-fact actualities, pictures of poetic fancy and ideal beauty are grateful to the imagination.

Mr. Frost, after long expectancy, has within the past year received full honours from the Academy. Accordingly he is now enabled to announce 'Musidora' (73) as by "W. E. FROST, R.A. Elect." The new Academician does not ask for much wall-space, indeed this is the smallest of the very many Musidoras it has been our happiness to see, but a decided and marked advance on some of his immediately preceding works. We also incline to think that the good appearance of this gallery is scarcely heightened by a scene from Hood's "Bridge of Sighs," so low in tone that on a dark day the subject is barely visible. Yet Mr. CANTY'S figure as she stands, 'With Amazement, Houseless by Night' (94), is fine in motive, the story is well told, desolation and despair carry the poor girl to the water's brink. It is fortunate a post on the line; could not be spared for Oliver Cromwell as depicted by F. S. CARY. Horace Walpole, in his "Anecdotes of Painters," tells how Cromwell said to the young painter engaged on his portrait, "I desire, Mr. Lely, you would use all your skill to paint my picture truly like me and not flatter me at all, but remark all these roughnesses, pimples, warts, and everything as you see me, otherwise I will never pay a farthing for it." We have seen better works from the hand of this artist. Some years earlier in date, taken in fact from the stormy and eminently pictorial times of the Civil Wars, is a scene which finds a place near to Cromwell. Mr. YEAMES, who loves to tread in the by-paths of history, has this year fallen upon 'Dr. Harvey and the Children of Charles I.' (81). The incident is pretty, and yet the picture is comparatively poor. The subject on examination proves to be an episode in the battle of Edgehill; indeed the fight is seen in the distance. The young princes, under the care of their tutor Dr. Harvey, accompanied the king in his wars with the Parliament, and it would seem that regardless of danger they got within gun-



shot. Curious as to what is going on, they clamber up a bank, and with the glee of childhood see the battle before them. The artist, who in a quiet way is fond of pictorial contrasts, seats Dr. Harvey in the midst of his books. The figures seem awkwardly large for the trees and fields, and the landscape by necessity is dwarfed by the figures: in other words, the picture does not compose, the colour too is far from delicious in harmony. Mr. Yeames will live to paint many better pictures.

Mr. MARCUS STONE and Mr. WYNFIELD are more successful than some of the preceding painters in the way of history. Mr. Wynfield this year seems indeed to be making good lost ground: his two contributions are an advance; and, indeed, we came with some little surprise upon the work here before us—'The Death of Buckingham' (114). The picture is most impressive, as was the historic tragedy depicted. George Villiers, first Duke of Buckingham, has been murdered, and the body "lifted from the ground upon the table, lies there alone." We are told that "the solitude could have lasted only an instant, when out upon the gallery-landing stood two distracted women, whose appalling shrieks rent the air." The treatment of light and shade is eminently dramatic—the death-chamber is in darkness, but bright light, as of morning or noonday, streams in at the open door. How far the artist can reconcile this treatment with historic facts seems doubtful; indeed, the passage he quotes states expressly that one of the ladies was "in her night gear." Yet daylight dawns on the corpse, otherwise it would be invisible. It may be further objected that the murdered duke does not fill his clothes; indeed, already the body is a ghost, and without tailory would be nowhere. The handling throughout is most careful, and yet not masterly. On the whole, the picture is commendable. Mr. Marcus Stone again, with advantage, recurs to the history of Henry VIII., his children, and wives. In the last Exhibition we had the pleasure of recognising with commendation various characters appearing under the title, 'Henry VIII. and Anne Boleyn observed by Queen Katherine.' We have now an analogous subject, 'The Royal Nursery, 1538' (104). If we read the composition rightly, the infant Prince Edward in a go-cart obtains the loving regard of fat King Hal; while the charming little Lady Elizabeth, left in the distance, only receives the favour of the monarch's broad back. The situation would tell on the stage, and by its studied contrast, no less than by careful delineation of individual character, it becomes effective on canvas. Still, as we had occasion to observe a year ago, the picture in its result is scarcely commensurate to the talent brought to bear. The work fails of historic significance, although in execution and technical qualities it is faultless.

This second gallery, which contends, as we have said, with some disadvantages, obtains support from J. C. Horsley, R.A.; E. J. Poynter, A.R.A.; G. S. Harvey, P.R.S.A.; and G. H. Boughton; not to enumerate other figure-painters of scarcely less repute. 'Truant in Hiding' (133) is a small adventure to Mr. HORSLEY's liking. The idea, which, if not very remarkable, is at all events somewhat entertaining—the Royal Academician carries out with his accustomed ability. G. H. BOUGHTON's 'Colder than the Snow' (99) obtains, we observe, much attention: firstly, we conceive, because the figures are thrown off from a background of snow; and, secondly, because the incident is spiced by love, rivalry, and jealousy.

The Art-merits of the work are certainly disproportioned to the attention it receives: one or two of the faces are scarcely in drawing, and the forms generally hesitate between severe mediæval definition and a modern soft suavity. The artist cannot stop here; if he do not go forward he will retrograde. By the time, however, we reach Gallery VI. it will become probable that Mr. Boughton may some day enter the Academy. Yet another picture, certainly the fourth we have already encountered, relies on the effect of a snow-white background. 'On the Track' (109), by H. R. ROBERTS, cannot fail of strong pictorial contrast, simply because well-drawn figures, resolute in action, pronounced in expression, strong in shadow as in colour, are thrown against a landscape clothed in whitest snow. This expedient is easy, the effect upon the ignorant certain, and yet to Art-tastes it is tricky.

E. J. POYNTER, A.R.A., is scarcely in the Academy in his full strength, simply because he has been giving his time and his talents in other directions. 'The Suppliant to Venus' (115) is a small canvas, and yet it may be conceded that the motive is large. The suppliant stands in the portico of a classic temple, rapt in devotion before the goddess of beauty. Clothed in leopard-skin, the figure glows in colour; the marble columns, tessellated floor, the blue sea and golden sky, traced with purple clouds, are wrought into a composition of deep expressive harmonies. The work is but minor. Mr. Poynter, we conceive, would do well to reserve sufficient time to complete each year for the Academy a work which should give full expression to his exceptional talents. We will not stop to speak of Mr. Prinsep until in a subsequent room he attains a matured form, in comparison to which previous efforts must appear chaotic. Mr. RANKLEY need not detain us long; 'Benediction' (89) is hung above the line: the best parts of this church interior are the hassocks. 'The Pleasures of Art' (116), by Miss BEALE, may be commended. 'The Fountain of St. Anne, Brittany' (100), by P. MACNAB, is a pleasing example of a certain hazy and dreamy manner imported within recent years from the Continent. The figures blend harmoniously with the landscape in broken colours—tertiary mostly, seldom primary: the whole picture is studious and quiet.

Sir GEORGE HARVEY, President of the Scottish Academy, obtains a central place on the line for a picture not unworthy of Sir David Wilkie. But how it happens that this 'School Dismissing' (87), painted in 1846, has not found its way to the Academy till 1871, is more than we can divine. Still the work is so much better than what now mostly comes to the light, that we should be sorry to raise a mere chronological difficulty. Perhaps it may be objected that this interior is muddled after the manner of Scotch artists, but at all events the eye may seek free outlet into space at the open door: here the 'School Dismissing' finds tumultuous and rapturous exit: the struggle is a feat of genius; we had not given the painter credit for an effort so spirited and juvenile. A. H. BURR, another Scotch artist, goes to Tennyson's "Dora" for a subject. The picture has merit, yet exemplifies the well-known faults of the school, especially when it forsakes rustic nature for more adventurous walks. The forms here want definition, and the colours need to be clarified. C. GREEN, a Member of the Institute, is one of those artists who, with doubtful advantage, betake themselves to oils. In 'Ruin' (125), this painter

attempts a scale beyond his strength. The composition does not hold compactly together, yet some parts are so well painted as to lead to the belief that success may crown some future effort. 'A Children's Party' (126), by G. B. O'NEIL, in the lack of individual character and sharp definition of touch, may be pronounced pretty and refined. The artist does not keep the plan or purpose of his picture very strictly in view; he seems to lose control of his *dramatis persona*. The old Dutch masters were true to the grammar of Art, and it is obvious that just in proportion as the subject-matter of a picture is unimportant, must its technical qualities be unimpeachable.

Some speaking portraits look out from the walls of this gallery. The worthy Secretary, J. P. KNIGHT, R.A., paints his own animated and intelligent head under the disguise of 'An Old Student' (131). The likeness is admirable. G. F. WATTS, R.A., exhibits 'Lady Isabella Somers Cocks' (75), a head characteristic of the artist's elevated treatment, though rather vaporous in outline, in other words, not thoroughly carried out. The canvas is without varnish. It seems a growing practice to leave paint in a dead mat state, a habit taken from some continental schools. The pigments in consequence may look chalky and crude, and of course proportionably lose transparency. Directly opposed to the work of Mr. Watts is 'The New Picture: (Portraits)' (93), by P. H. CALDERON, R.A. If the style of Mr. Watts be the high Art of portraiture, that of Mr. Calderon is the *genre* of portraiture. The one is higher in kind: the other better in degree. Mr. Calderon's picture is carried out to great completeness, especially in the accessories. The gentleman and his wife are intent in scrutiny of 'The New Picture,' the last addition to a collection already numerous, if we may judge by the multitude of works which crowd the walls. The incident, with the skilfully-painted accessories, makes one of the most interesting portrait-pictures in the Academy. The gentleman, whose name is not entered in the catalogue, is understood to be a liberal patron of Art in the wealthy county of Lancaster. 'Ancient and Modern' (96), is the fancy title given by J. LOBLEY to a well-painted portrait. We have on several occasions commended the work of this clever artist. 'Adam Kennard, Esq.' (86), a sportsman, with gun and dog, seated on a stile, is a characteristic example of the most versatile of our portrait-painters. Mr. WELLS catches an easy attitude just at the moment when a man least expects to be handed down to posterity. His forms are usually well-defined, his colour, though sometimes experimental, is seldom wrong, his incidents and action, though exceptional, are never so eccentric as to shock correct taste or the manners of good society.

Animal-painting, in the absence of Sir Edwin Landseer, has fallen into the hands of R. ANSDALL, R.A. 'Feeding Goats in the Alhambra' (128) is literal rather than artistic. Neither as a picture will be highly esteemed, 'Don't put Trimmer in till the Squire calls the Hounds away' (113), by C. LUTYENS: much good work is here thrown away simply because this artist seems to forget that without composition a picture must fall into confusion. The landscapes proper are not very remarkable. The only Academician present in this department is R. REDGRAVE, R.A. 'The Avenue at Denbies' (122) is a conscientious work, especially in the details. 'On an English River' (82), by F. W. HULME, is the picture of a student, marred somewhat by black, blue, and green.



'Gander's Pool' (129), by F. WALTON, though worthy of the good place it holds, is rather muddled. A. A. GLENDENING has some good tree-study in 'North Wales' (127). J. W. OAKES displays power in 'Linn of Muick, Aberdeenshire' (105). MARK ANTHONY also is strong as ever in 'Night and Storm and Darkness' (101). In this landscape, which to advantage revives the remembrance of previous pictures remarkable for power,

"An aged oak, that's breasted many a storm,  
Whose heart by lightning's fiery glance is torn,  
Stands out against the darkened sky."—*Anon.*

When an anonymous poem is entered in the catalogue, we are tempted to surmise that the painter is his own poet. In the present instance we have, at all events, the pleasure of pronouncing the picture a higher effort of genius than the poetry. The best landscape in the gallery is by comparatively an unknown man. 'The Heat of the Day: Loch Achray' (88), ought to make J. SMART a name. The mountains, intermediate distance and foreground, with cattle cooling themselves in the tranquil liquid lake, are admirably studied. The picture is painted firmly and broadly: detail is nowhere allowed to militate against the general effect or sentiment. We here seem to get much that was good in pre-Raphaelitism severed from its flagrant follies.

## GALLERY NO. III.

The great gallery, measuring 82 feet long by 43 feet wide, is again hung as a *salle d'honneur*. The number of pictures does not exceed 104, of these 30 are contributed by twenty-four Academicians, 11 by ten Associates, and 63 by sixty-one outsiders. Eight foreigners are present. The gallery certainly is the reverse of crowded; indeed a few more pictures would improve the effect in a decorative sense. The hanging too strikes us as scattered and discordant; the room, it is understood, is hard to deal with, and any difficulties inherent to size or proportion are enhanced by the understood condition that all the Academicians shall be honoured with a place. In fact the only one of exhibiting Academicians hung elsewhere is Mr. H. W. Pickersgill. Thus it will be understood that this magnificent room may be taken as a summary of the efficient forces of the Academy. The three central posts of honour are occupied with good effect by 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the Body of Alceste', by Mr. LEIGHTON, 'The Salon d'Or, Homburg', by Mr. FRITH, and 'Moses', by Mr. MILLAIS.

The grand work which Mr. Millais after long deliberation at last ventures to submit to the ordeal of public exhibition has scarcely disappointed the expectations raised. The theme is noble. 'Moses, Aaron, and Hur' (191), are on the top of the hill which overlooks the plain wherein Joshua has been all day fighting. "And it came to pass, when Moses held up his hand, that Israel prevailed, and when he let down his hand Amalek prevailed. But Moses' hands were heavy, and Aaron and Hur stayed up his hands, the one on the one side, the other on the other side, and his hands were steady until the going down of the sun." In the picture sunset reddens an angry sky, and light as of the Divine Presence gathers round the venerable lawgiver. The head is noble, the hair tosses in the wind: the type is not entirely foreign to traditions in pagan and Christian Art, yet it is independent of Michael Angelo, and sufficiently distant from modern treatments. The grandly dramatic action finds some parallel in Raphael's 'Vision of Ezekiel.' Mr. Millais, as may be well imagined, environs his con-

ception in the glory of colour, yet, historically speaking, his colour, as indeed the general treatment, is not that of the Roman, Venetian, or Bolognese school. In fact his manner may be said to be simply his own. The costume too is a happy compromise; it is not precisely Bedouin after the manner of Horace Vernet and other French painters, neither is it Raphaelesque or Roman. On the whole the draperies comport with historic dignity. The execution strikes us as rather tentative and timid, as if the artist were treading in untried paths. This ambitious effort if not faultless commands respect.

Mr. LEIGHTON has never put forth so much dramatic intensity as now in 'Hercules wrestling with Death for the Body of Alceste' (215). The subject has been treated by Euripides, also recently by Mr. Morris in 'The Earthly Paradise,' it is also glanced at by Milton:—

"Methought I saw my late espoused Saint  
Brought to me like Alceste from the grave,  
Whom Jove's great son to her glad husband gave,  
Rescued from death by force, though pale and faint."

In the picture before us Alceste is lying on the bier, pale and cold as marble, but death has touched the form so gently that life may be yet restored. The moment is

"Before decay's effacing fingers  
Have swept the lines where beauty lingers."

Opposed to this placidity is on either side convulsive action; Hercules wrestles with Death; the spectators are horror-stricken. In the centre the eye finds needed repose in sea and sky and distant hills. It has been objected that the anatomy, rather ostentatiously displayed, is inaccurate. With little exception, however, the picture is carefully studied throughout, the colour for once exchanges German opacity for Venetian lustre and transparency, gained after the Venetian manner by glazing warm tones over white surfaces. The forms aim at ideal beauty, the style is somewhat Academic, the execution is marked by accustomed subtlety and delicacy.

Mr. FRITH'S 'Salon d'Or, Homburg; Le jeu est fait—rien ne va plus' (158), if not a sequel to, is in style synonymous with, 'The Derby Day,' 'Margate Sands,' and 'The Railway Station.' That the artist is sure of his public is once more attested by the rail put in front of the picture to protect it from crowds of intelligent and lofty-minded spectators: a precaution certainly not called for by any effort of high Art within the Academy. The public crowd to a picture just as they rush to a criminal court; villainy is stimulating and infectious. And certainly this gambling-table after its kind may be accounted perfect. Mr. Frith's version is more neatly thrown out of hand than Gustave Doré's pictorial narrative. Indeed for brilliant handling, for a sharp and spicy mode of telling a story, for clever cut-throat character, for costumes the admiration of milliners, for realism in the way of gold-chains, diamonds, and other precious stones, this picture has never been surpassed.

'Anne Boleyn at the Queen's Stairs, Tower,' (182), is the chief contribution of E. M. WARD, R.A. The picture sets forth with much power, pronounced colour, and realistic detail, how "Kingston awaited the Queen on the last steps of the stairs, where she was given into his custody . . . She asked the lieutenant if she were to be taken to a cell. 'No, madam,' replied Kingston, 'but to the apartment which your grace occupied on the day of your coronation.' . . . Throwing herself on the steps, she exclaimed, 'Jesus have mercy on me!' A flood of tears followed this pious ejaculation." Vide

'Life of Henry VIII,' by Antin. Mr. Ward, as usual, is happy in the choice of his subject; he selects commonly some turning-point or climax in the current of history. His collected works in fact would present a vivid pictorial chronicle of English history. The picture is the work of a thorough master, and fully sustains the high reputation of the painter.

'Lenore' (164), by A. ELMORE, R.A., is taken from Bürger's popular ballad translated by Sir Walter Scott.

"Tramp! Tramp! along the land they rode,  
Splash! Splash! along the sea;  
The surge is white, the spur is bright,  
The flashing pebbles flee."

There is no light in heaven save the pale light of stars, a world of shadows is peopled by spectres; among the clouds float fearful forms, across the sky fly strange creatures, syrens with fearful fires burning in hollow eye-sockets swim in the sea, and in the midst the wild black horse tramps and splashes, bearing the lovers to churchyard shades of death. Such is the scene by which Mr. Elmore moves the imagination deeply. The picture is perhaps inevitably artificial and spasmodic. The conception would seem to fall more legitimately within the sphere of poetry than of painting. 'Sabrina' (233), by W. E. FROST, R.A. Elect, is also poetic and imaginative. Mr. CALDERON has fortunately forsaken his modernised classicism to revert once more to what may be called historic costume, represented by a skilfully composed, well-painted scene: 'On her way to the Throne' (167). The picture is a covert satire upon high society; the court hair-dresser gives the last finishing touch to the Queen's head-dress as if the destiny of Europe hung on the set of a curl. The contrast is well struck between the obsequiousness of the menials and the high birth and proud bearing of the ladies of the court.

The Associates are in force; some of the newly-elected especially manifest a vigour and youthful adventure which seldom remain to old stagers in the Academy. 'The Bookworm' (149), by H. S. MARKS, one of the recent elections, is a work well suited for its destination in the library of Crewe Hall. The old fellow, who would appear as much the naturalist as the "bookworm," is lost in profound investigations. The table is crowded with strange-looking skeletons, as if this student were a disciple of Darwin. Quiet satire lurks in the picture, and yet the story is told with as much verisimilitude and circumstantial detail, that the eye seems to rest not on a fiction, but on a grave reality. The composition is well kept together; the execution is even solid; the brush does not show itself: it is not paint or canvas that the spectator looks upon, the very room, as it were, is put within the frame. Mr. POYNTER we have already spoken of in praise: 'Feeding the Sacred Ibis in the Halls of Karnac' (238) is a good example of the archaeological realism to which a certain section in the English school is now tending. Mr. ORCHARDSON, whom we shall meet in the sequel, cannot at all events be accused of realistic elaboration. 'A Hundred Years ago' (196) is almost too sketchy and scratchy to be even suggestive. Mr. PETTIE'S 'Pedlar' (179), clever after its kind, belongs to the same school. Mr. Le Jeune, Mr. Yeames, Mr. Nicol, and Mr. Dobson, the remaining Associates, we shall hope to meet again. Yet a word of welcome is due to Mr. DOBSON'S refined personation of 'Charity' (223). This ideal style, traditional treatment, and stereotyped beauty will not be likely to obtrude overmuch upon us in these realistic times.



Animal-painting, for which our English school has been justly famous, suffers under the much-regretted illness of Sir Edwin Landseer. The gallery again owes obligations to T. S. Cooper, R.A., and R. Ansdell, R.A.; also we observe by Mr. BEAVIS 'Autumn—Ploughing' (180), a picture which more than justifies the expectations of previous years. As chief among flower-pictures, 'The Balcony' (205), by Miss A. F. MUTRIE, occupies the line. J. C. HOOK, R.A., brings from Norway scenes which more than justify our judgment that the country is unpaintable. G. MASON, A.R.A., makes 'Blackberry-Gathering' (168) the occasion for that dreamy, hazy, poetic sentiment which, though some years since wholly in disrepute, now finds copious utterance among men of the future. Among the portraits, those of 'J. E. Millais, R.A.' (172), and of 'F. Leighton, R.A.' (177), by Mr. WATTS; also the portrait of 'John Mac Whirter' (190), by Mr. PETTIE, provoked interesting comment at the Academy dinner.

This gallery, arranged as a climax or consummation of talent, is adorned by works which, in almost every department of Art, are worthy of honour. The portraits are as usual numerous—possibly for some too numerous; yet on resuming our notice a month hence, we shall endeavour to show that the art of portrait-painting is, to say the least, not in decadence. Landscape Art is here scarcely strong, chiefly because figures are allowed the precedence. Indeed, since the death of Creswick the best landscapes are not by Academicians but by Associates, or painters beyond the pale. Outsiders, both English and foreign, present themselves in goodly number: we shall recur to this major and specially vital section of contributors as an index of the Arts of the future, as a gauge of the youthful genius now rising through the length and breadth of our land. We propose, then, in our July number to return to the Great Gallery, in order to form a just and worthy estimate of the present phases of our national school. In fine, we may say that this, "the one hundred and third," exhibition, though certainly not above average, gives to the Academy the assurance of a future long, prosperous, and useful.

### SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

TALBOT AND THE COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

W. Q. Orchardson, A.R.A., Painter. C. W. Sharpe, Engraver.

OUR readers will, no doubt, remember the wood-cut from this picture we introduced last year, with other illustrations from the works of Mr. Orchardson, in the biographical sketch of this artist. We have been induced to reproduce it on a larger scale, and in another mode of engraving, from a repeatedly expressed desire on the part of numerous subscribers to see it occupy a more important position in the Journal than it had previously.

It may be well to add, for the benefit of those who do not chance to possess our last year's volume, that the subject illustrates the scene in Shakespeare's *Henry VI.*, when the troops of Lord Talbot, the leader of the English in the wars against France, force their way into the presence of the Countess, thus proving to her that he is not the "child, a silly dwarf," which she charged him with being.

### SOCIETY OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

#### SIXTY-SEVENTH EXHIBITION.

THIS Society, notwithstanding the serious secession of two of its distinguished members during the past year, opens its sixty-seventh exhibition stronger than before. It has wisely recruited its forces; removing the limit to the number of its Associates, it elected five artists in a batch, and is still on the search for any outlying talent which may bring further *clat* to the gallery. The policy thus adopted is timely and wise. The competition of the Academy had become serious: painters in water-colours have been taking to oils. Mr. Frederick Walker, for example, who has been captured by the Academy, does not furnish a single drawing to his old society. The new comers, who have been well-selected, are not unknown to fame, at least four of the number, Messrs. Houghton, North, Macbeth, and Goodwin, have been exhibitors in the Dudley Gallery. These repeated raids on a young and struggling society seem rather cruel; no sooner do the Dudleyites bring into notice new talent than a capture is effected by the Council of the Water-Colour Society. Fortunately the country is so prolific in painters of this class that the ranks of each competitive association are no sooner thinned than filled up. The old Society has certainly stolen a march upon its rivals, who will now be at their wits' end what manoeuvres to take next. It is clear that the galleries open in Pall Mall, the Haymarket, Piccadilly, Bond Street, Conduit Street, &c., are in excess of any true Art-interest to be accomplished. The standard of excellence becomes lowered by this facility of exhibition. There has been a danger also that incessant and increasing competition might lead to weakness all round, so that in the end no corporate body, with the exception of the Academy, would be found strong enough to champion the cause of national Art, or to take on great public occasions a widely representative action. We rejoice then all the more to see that the old Water-Colour Society is no longer a clique, that the number of its Associates will be made, from time to time, commensurate with the rising talent of the country. The present exhibition, which opens as a manifesto of the new policy, augurs well. It has, indeed, taken people by surprise: a society, supposed by some to be on the wane, starts into new life.

The space at our disposal being this year considerably curtailed, we must be pardoned if we pass several old favourites with cursory notice. We cannot, however, dismiss without a word of welcome Mr. Palmer's grandly conceived theme, 'The Fall of Empire' (161). "While stands the Coliseum, Rome shall stand," wrote Byron, "and when Rome falls, the world." 'The Fall of Empire' Mr. Palmer, a truly poetic painter, has depicted in the ruin of the Forum, stagnant waters stand in the Appian Way. The treatment, however, is too imaginative for literal truth; like Turner's 'Ancient Italy,' the scene is a romance—a frenzy, indeed,—of fancy. The rising of the moon amid the intense glow of sunset, is an impressive, though somewhat stereotyped performance, which takes place not unfrequently on the stage. Carl Haag, in 'Danger in the Desert' (104), may also be said to trust to his imagination for his facts, and to his memory for his poetry. The drawing is artificial and florid. The head of 'An Egyptian Bashi Bazouk' (203) would seem to be taken from the life, and it is accordingly true. Little that is new can be said of T. M. Richardson, C. Branwhite, Collingwood Smith, David Cox, Jun., S. P. Jackson, H. Gastineau, W. Evans, or S. T. G. Evans. Artists who have been for many years before the public get spoilt sometimes by success, and occasionally by disappointment: often they paint with audacity, and occasionally with supineness, as if all spirit had gone out of them. On the whole, perhaps, success does less harm to an artist than failure. 'Deitz,' on the River Lehn' (155), by Mr. Richardson, is less disfigured by mannerism than usual. This artist's

brilliant facility has been his forte. The mannerism of Mr. Branwhite, though confined, breaks out into new phases; at distant intervals he comes upon a fresh idea which seldom wants grandeur. Certainly few drawings in the gallery are so impressive and powerful as his 'Deserted Mill on the Essex Coast—Sundown' (51).

John Gilbert's 'Soldiers Retreating' (52), and Mr. Branwhite's 'Deserted Mill,' above noticed, hanging together, suggest comparison. The two artists are not wholly dissimilar in style; in picturesqueness, in force, not to say heaviness of handling, in depth of colour, sometimes inky, in a certain shadowy imagination which carries a subject back into the gloom of the past and the mystery of times remote, the painters are evidently akin. The backgrounds of Mr. Gilbert, which are usually grandly suggestive, are set in a key consonant with the landscapes of Mr. Branwhite. These artists stand out as anomalies in the present phase of modern Art.

Mr. Frederick Taylor, the President, favours the gallery with one great effort, an epitome, so to say, of his genius, a summary of long years, a conglomerate of many drawings. The reader will know then exactly what to expect in 'Galle Ferry-Boat crossing Loch Alsh from Kylesku, Isle of Skye' (18). This compilation, this serving up once more of old materials, holds together so loosely, that the drawing is in danger of falling to pieces. Still this is an Art that we all must rejoice to see yet vital. 'Welsh Children' (59), by F. W. Topham, though not materially different from Irish children, and divers other children with which the artist has in previous years favoured a grateful public, serve to make a very pleasing picture. Mr. Topham never fails to encircle his peasants in a halo, or rather mixture, of sunshining and mist; what he means is not always clear; he may possibly amuse the fancy, but he never reaches the intellect. Mr. Lamont, too, labours on without any defined purpose; sometimes he is elegant as when 'In Tune' (162), and again he is lost to beauty while he slides awkwardly into 'A Reverie' (180). He wants a purpose individual and defined, his bane is that he knows no higher motive than to make each and every drawing commendable, after some fashion, to a public quite as indifferent as himself, to the means employed for giving momentary pleasure. Mr. Shields is greatly to be commended in that he is now content with an area of square inches in place of many square feet. A few months ago we feared he might require a gallery all to himself. It has been our privilege to enjoy deeply the works of this painter in bygone years, while yet they were instinct with truth and passion. We trust it may be yet possible for him to return to the ways he has of late forsaken. J. K. Johnson seems to be opening for himself a new career with doubtful results. Hitherto he has been favourably identified with a sparkling character and crisp touch, which evidently held affinity with Meissonier and other brilliant *artistes de société* in the French school. Suddenly *il change tout cela*, he plunges into 'Midsummer Night' (118), and loses himself in reverie. What sundry young ladies, and especially a certain funny old gentleman, can all be about, it is hard to divine. What is chiefly to the immediate purpose is that the picture is a failure. Much time and talent are simply thrown away on a first conception which evidently is a mistake. Parts of the picture are supremely well painted, for instance the white lilies shadowed under midnight are exquisite. There is no lack of drawing or knowledge in this work; what only is wanted is that the artist should in the first conception bring clear and critical intellect into action. And this is just the want which in the present day is grievously felt. Painters will commit themselves to weeks and months of arduous labour without mental forethought, without counting the cost, or clearly calculating the result. Mr. Watson and his fellow-student, Mr. Marsh, plod on after a wholly different fashion; they are in greater danger of sticking in the mud than of being lost in the clouds of dreamland. 'The Pedlar' (28) by Mr. Marsh cannot be objected to by persons who possibly may fancy pedlars of this sort. The whole scene is distressingly commonplace, without one touch of redeeming





W. Q. ORCHARDSON A. PINX.

C. W. SHARPE. SCULPT.

TALBOT AND THE COUNTESS OF AUVERGNE.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

LONDON VIRTUE & CO.







Art. 'Farm-Yard Favourites' (86), by Mr. Watson, has unusual tenderness. The drawing has delicacy, the sentiment is not without refinement. 'The Escape' (191), by Miss Gillies, has obtained commendation; and several contributions by Walter Goodall, have a sweetness and softness which appeal pleasantly to a sympathetic public. 'The School in St. Peter's, Rome' (34), by this bland artist, surprises the spectator by individual character. One or two of the boys may actually turn out bad, an occurrence which has never been known to happen to any model from which Mr. Walter Goodall has hitherto painted. Of like innocence are the characters Mr. Dobson commits to canvas, or paper. 'St. Mary Magdalene' (124) is singularly immaculate. Were it not for a certain Greuze-like softness and fulness in contour we might have mistaken the character for St. Agnes, or St. Cecilia, or some other of the virgin saints. Mr. Dobson, we presume, is a spiritualist, and yet he does his best to paint flesh.

Landscape-Art has witnessed less change within the year than figure-painting, the new elections having been all but exclusively in the latter department. We have already mentioned some of the most conspicuous students of out-door nature; but others of note, such as Thomas Danby, claim attention. This artist is distinguished by a certain ideal sense of nature, he delights in what is lovely, trees are by him balanced gracefully on the water's brink as elegantly-draped figures. Indeed, a well-grown tree of noble bearing or graceful mien, when fitly used in a composition, has often the value of a figure. 'The Fisherman's Home' (194), by T. Danby, is suggestive of this line of thought. The fault of this painter is that his forms fail of definition; thus 'The Cloud' (76) is formless, it is not a cloud so much as an evanescent mist. The appropriate lines of Shelley from a well-known poem lose by a misprint their exquisite melody; they ought to run thus:—

"I am the daughter of earth and water,  
And the nursing of the sky;  
I pass through the pores of the ocean and shores,  
I change, but I cannot die."

Holman Hunt again attempts to paint impossibilities. In 'The Pathless Waters' (256), he strives to seize on a lovely phenomenon of sky and sea, familiar to all who have voyaged on the Mediterranean. The moon makes for herself a clear path through clouds which crown, or rather encircle, her head with a halo of iridescent light. The sea beneath shines as burnished silver. This poetic aspect of nature probably cannot be translated into a picture. We may commend then the attempt while we pardon the failure. 'The Interior of the Mosque of Omar' (204) is an equally bold effort in another direction: the difficulty here not being atmospheric, but in realistic rendering of richest marbles, and in a decorative structure resplendent in colour. Mr. Holman Hunt, on a prior occasion, challenged like difficulties in a church in Sicily. That he does not utterly fail is evident on comparison of 'The Mosque of Omar' with Mr. Read's Interior of St. Mark's, Venice' (174). Each structure is ornate with richest materials. Mr. Read has the advantage in linear perspective, in the accuracy of curves and vaulted roofs—a no slight difficulty in St. Mark's,—but in colour he is muddled; whereas Mr. Holman Hunt is altogether resplendent; his drawing is almost a study in mineralogy. We may mention, too, that it possesses no small archaeological interest.

Among faithful, painstaking students of nature, C. Davidson still holds a quiet place. With doubtful success he has gone out of his accustomed beat in 'The Spittal of Glen Shee' (75). But in two careful studies of 'Early Spring' (31 and 111) he is once more unsurpassed in delicate tracery and interwoven network of trees budding into tender leaf against a clear open sky. Mr. Birket Foster's drawings are up to accustomed excellence; indeed, in the treatment of figures set in landscape or by cottage-door, he has never surpassed 'Rabbits' (235) and 'River Scene, with Sheep' (243). P. Naftel continues to be rather dotty, scratchy, and scattered; he is still best in the green lanes of his once island-home, as, for example, in 'Spring—Guernsey' (25). Of the artist's

foreign subjects, the best we have seen is 'Plaza de la Falpa, Seville' (231), a product, we presume, of the recent eclipse expedition. J. W. Whittaker is wise to keep within the United Kingdom; no artist understands so well, or represents more truthfully, a mountain-moor with an angry torrent roaring through the midst. 'The Last Gleam of Sunset on the Glyders' (119) is the best work we have seen by this artist for many a day: we recognise, indeed, the hand of nature in this free bold picture, fresh as the open air and the breezy moorland. And seldom, if ever, have we seen Mr. George Fridd more happy in his inimitable way. He, too, like Mr. Whittaker, goes direct to nature. There is no more truthful study in the gallery than 'Tintagel Castle' (37), whether in faithful drawing of the rock, in varied harmony of colour, or tender play of light and shade. Mr. Powell seems to have a stronger head for the sea than for the land. 'Loch Gail' (30) is feeble and ill-managed. On the other hand, there is nowhere a better study of a tossing sea than in 'Arran, from the Inchmarnock Waters' (98). The water in which Mr. Duncan places some 'Dutch Fishing-Boats' (101) is, in comparison, soap-suds. Mr. Powell's waves are true in form and crisp till they break on the crest; Mr. Duncan's seas are lashed into formless fury.

Architecture, animal-painting, flower-painting, and other miscellanies, fare indifferently well. Neither Mr. Read nor Mr. Deane is at his best. 'North Porch, Chartres Cathedral' (187), by the latter, wants definition and strength; a photographer would say that the subject was out of focus. William Callow has not for long come out so well. 'Posta delle Lettere' (152), a well-known spot in Venice, though rather inky in the shadows, a fault common to the artist, is made into a very effective picture. 'The Cartoon Gallery, Knole' (188) is a favourable example of Mr. Joseph Nash. Mr. Riviere cannot be complimented on his architectural studies in Rome; they want delicate detail and modulation in tone and colour. In animal-painting, Mr. Britton Willis and Mr. Basil Bradley are, as heretofore, chief exponents; the well-known styles of these several artists are not likely to change for better or for worse.

The new-comers deserve hearty welcome: far from immaculate in manner, they are fresh in the flush of youth, warm in colour as wayward in conception. A. B. Houghton bounds into the gallery as one of the manly yet uncouth Indian chiefs he loves to paint. 'Hiawatha and Minehaha' (138), is weird in imagination, the colour is hot as the action is wild. 'In Captivity' (67) obtains as it deserves a place of honour. These captive Jews by the waters of Babylon are deeply impressive. Mr. Houghton displays that audacity which is the prerogative of genius. In manipulation he is absolutely reckless in the use of opaque pigments. We regard with utmost curiosity his future developments. R. W. Macbeth, son, if we mistake not, of the well-esteemed Scotch portrait-painter, entered the Dudley Gallery only the other day absolutely unknown in London. When his first work, hung on a screen, obtained in our columns the notice it deserved, we little thought that the young artist would so soon obtain the honour of election in this old society. 'Frozen in' (236), and 'Gipsies' (223), justify the council. Mr. Macbeth, like other rising men, is free from conventionalism, he will strike out into paths original, possibly eccentric. He is bold, and yet knowledge will save him from being rash. The two men we have just named are distinguished for character; the three remaining elections are commended by colour. W. M. Hale comes from the west country, and his drawings on the Avon and the Bristol Channel are conspicuous for the deep russet hues of Charles Branwhite, also dwelling on western confines. Mr. Hale promises fairly; whether his art be original or derived we must await to see. Albert Goodwin may certainly take to himself the somewhat questionable glory of the style he has made his own. His drawings commanded good places in the Dudley, and here they will not fail to obtain thoughtful though hesitating appreciation. 'Sunset' (43) is the most subtle product of the artist's plodding pencil;—his colours are pearly,

his lights silvery, the picture is altogether delicate and delicious. Lastly, in these new elections, we come to J. W. North—an artist also brought into notice by the Dudley Committee. 'The Timber Waggon' (158), and 'The Village' (164), show that the artist was determined to enter on his new honours in flaming colours. Mr. North is one of the men who gem or accentuate landscape by brilliant and well-set figures. We have always thought most highly of his works, and success seems to have put him on his metal. The old society has lost, as every one knows, Mr. Burton and Mr. Burne Jones. The men elected to recruit waning strength stand at the antipodes of the two receding artists.

The school now dominant in the gallery is a school of colour. Mr. Walker, and his representative on the present occasion, Mr. Pinwell, could not be content with form if colourless. 'Away from Town' (130), the latest of Mr. Pinwell's strange achievements, is clever as strange. The artist cannot be accused of carelessness, haste, or immaturity, and yet to tastes uninitiated the result is not wholly agreeable. In addition to a colour fiery as the equator, it may be objected that the subjects served up are forced and tortured into pictorial composition after a method just the reverse of nature's spontaneous growth and action. Among the colourists in this gallery, diverse as they are numerous, must be mentioned lastly though not least, G. P. Boyce and Alfred W. Hunt. Mr. Boyce is the more meditative and sedate, Mr. Hunt, the more joyous and ecstatic. 'The Abbey Church' (208) is sober as Gray's elegy, while the 'Land of Antique Slate' (63) is dazzling as a rainbow, resonant as orchestral music. There is eloquence in such colour, it fires the imagination and carries the mind captive. Other drawings remain upon which we could with pleasure dwell, did space permit. Visitors will regret, with us, bidding farewell to a collection so excellent.

## INSTITUTE OF PAINTERS IN WATER-COLOURS.

### THE THIRTY-SEVENTH EXHIBITION.

THE present exhibition, though scarcely of average merit, is not without interest. The visitor who makes a careful circuit of the Gallery cannot fail to discover some dozen or more works which show the art of water-colour painting at a point of perfection seldom surpassed. And so long as the public are sure to find in this room what they would not willingly miss, "the Institute" may reckon on obtaining its fair share of success. Still we have once more to deplore the vast mass of indifferent works which obtain a place on these walls; thus the gems have to be sought out as scattered grains of wheat in bushels of chaff. It is a pity the members will not submit their contributions to the process of winnowing; but it is too much to expect of human nature such self-denying ordinance. Furthermore, it would seem that the Institute suffers under competition with the many galleries now open: there is a falling off even in the number of drawings contributed. On referring to the catalogue we find fifty fewer works this year than last, and in consequence one screen has been suppressed and the inner room closed. However, 233 drawings will tax patience sufficiently. To add to the trials of the Institute, the well-meant scheme of honorary membership has all but broken down: Mr. Herbert, out of eight, is the only contributor. The rest are practically defunct, and indeed, Maclise is absolutely dead, though his name still lives in the list of members. Since the last spring gathering William Bennett, called sometimes the David Cox of the Institute, has also been taken from his labours into rest. 'Rosenlaur, Switzerland' (43), the last work on which he was engaged before his death, hangs on the walls in memory of a man we can ill afford to miss, an artist gifted with that simple love of nature which in these artificial days is growing rare. Those who may have watched



William Bennett's later works in this Gallery will have been pained to see a faltering hand, the prelude to decay. But we have a memory long enough to recall upon these walls scenes in Windsor Forest and the like, noble oak-trees of gnarled trunks, broken foregrounds of jagged ferns, picturesque to the last degree, and painted with firm hand and broad transparent touch. The eleven drawings here collected will serve to indicate a style which has often found commendation in our columns.

Great changes, mostly for the better, have come over the Institute of late years. In particular it is pleasing to observe how the artificial school is giving place to simple naturalism. Indeed, the truthful figure-studies contributed by C. Green, A. C. Gow, G. G. Kilburne, and W. Small, constitute the chief attraction to the exhibition. No more fortunate election has been made of late in any society than that of Mr. Small; 'Frozen Out' (82), by this vigorous, though somewhat eccentric, artist, is marked by unmistakable talent. The story is well told, a deep snow has brought to starvation-point sheep, rooks, and small birds, who all rush, hunger-driven, towards the proffered provender. The execution is quite equal to the conception: indeed, certain passages could not be better painted. Another picture termed 'Potatoes' (156), presents Mr. Small before us as the disciple, if not the imitator, of Mr. Walker. He will do well to preserve his talents intact, his originality is sufficient to protect his Art from subserviency. C. Green maintains his previous credit by a figure capital in character as in workmanship. 'The Last Glass' (175), is that of Meissonier with the not unimportant difference that the perspective is somewhat untrue, and the drawing of the figure careless. Andrew C. Gow has also looked closely at Meissonier: he seems likewise to have an eye for the humour of Hogarth, an artist whose influence over modern exhibitions is unaccountably slight. 'Plucking a Pigeon'—the pigeon being not a bird but a human dupe at cards—is perhaps the most mature work in the exhibition. The subject is well thought out in its chief action and by-play, the several parts are composed into a compact whole, the details have a purpose, the touches a sparkle. As to the technique, the artist shows skill in combining opaque with transparent colours: he is correct in the principle which governs his practice—that of making, as in nature, the lights opaque, the shadows transparent. H. B. Roberts, an artist whom we have before had occasion to commend, exhibits 'Returning from the Garden' (188), a true study from the life, emulating the manner of the late William Hunt. W. Lucas seems to be aiming at a higher sphere of society than heretofore: and yet 'The Squire's Daughter' (89), does not quite throw off the rustic. G. G. Kilburne is not successful in the enlarged scale attempted in 'The Chess-Players' (20); 'La Bonne' (93), however, is quite at its best. The subject is one of the many war-incidents which now continually show themselves in our picture-galleries. During the present Art-season several of our London Galleries tell of the flight of painters from Paris. The loss of our neighbours has been in some measure our gain: our picture-galleries are enriched, and in friendly intercourse is learnt the brotherhood of genius. The Institute has long been a neutral ground whereon foreign and English artists meet in generous rivalry. In the Society are two German, three French, also three Belgian artists, while the names of several English members and associates indicate foreign origin.

Guido Bach, Henry Corbould, and Augustus Bouvier, are known for a certain showy and artificial manner which, though successful for a season, in the long-run suffers collapse. We could scarcely, indeed, have believed it possible for Guido Bach so speedily and utterly to have fallen from the eminence he reached but a few years since in this very gallery, as in the weak and flouting work now before us, 'A Tempting Offer' (40). Mr. Corbould's ambitious efforts in another quarter have apparently precluded him from giving to this gallery more than one small drawing, 'The War-Horse' (225). Mr. Corbould's studies of war-horses have

evidently been limited to Astley's Theatre. Mr. Bouvier depicts with his accustomed grace 'First Arrivals'—at a Pompeian Theatre in the time of the Romans. It is too late to ask the artist to go to nature: his style now is beyond the possibility of change. 'Flowers of the Forest' (199) by Mr. Tidey are lovely in form, refined in motive, and nicely balanced in composition. The colour, however, as in other drawings by the same hand, is not so satisfactory. The style of John Absolon has likewise fallen into mannerism; among five contributions, however, one or two, as for example, 'A Suffolk Well' (131), and 'Metal more attractive' (209), show the artist in his happiest moods. Mr. Absolon is specially felicitous in flirtation and love-making.

J. R. Herbert, R.A., is the only Academician in the list of honorary members who favours the present exhibition. Mr. Millais and Mr. Goodall are both among the absentees. 'St. Mary Magdalen crossing Golgotha to the Tomb of Our Lord' (34), is of that phase of spiritual Art with which Mr. Herbert has long made us familiar. There is a thinness and poverty about the manner; the colour is pallid. The Venetians, and the old masters of other Italian schools, would have thrown deep solemn harmonies even into moonlight on Golgotha. Mr. James Linton, in four contributions, maintains his position, though he does not yet quite realise the expectations he has raised. 'The Lover's Disguise' (60), has a certain awkwardness of composition which may result either from the artist's mediocrity, or what would be more fatal to his future, from an innate inability to see harmony in line, and symmetry in grouping. Yet awkwardness is here reconciled with dignity, and one advantage which may be consequent on stiffness in gait and strange fantasy in costume, is that even the smallest incident in life, such as 'The Reproof' (120), of a little child, gains a certain historic import and solemnity. The same line of criticism may be adopted as to Mr. Bromley's mediæval performances. Thus, merely beating 'Dust' (74), from a carpet is made a momentous operation. It is to be hoped that this clever artist will not undertake more work than he can get through with credit; the drawing before us shows carelessness, especially in accessories, which are slighted as if of no consequence. Mr. Jopling has done more than ordinary justice to his talents in a figure much to his liking, with

"Sweet eyes of starry tenderness,  
Through which the soul of some  
Immortal sorrow looks."

We fear the lady's immortality rests less in her soul than in her millinery. The picture is as usual decorative, if not frivolous. Still, this artist has a good eye for pictorial effect; he gains amazing force of colour, and through utmost depths of shadow the eye seems to look into deeper depths beyond. Mr. Jopling never fails to arrest the spectator, he works out interesting problems in colour, his textures are varied and true.

The architectural studies and interiors are not very remarkable. Mr. Deane, who has seceded to the old society, is missed, and Mr. Skinner Prout is not prolific. Yet 'Ypres' (67) has that inimitable quality of crumbling age which pertained to the drawings of the elder Prout. Also we may point to 'Salle d'Armes' (139), as in the happiest manner of Louis Haghe. We are likewise carried back to days long ago by C. Cattermole's 'Knights of Branksome' (134). The subject and the manner belong to old Cattermole, with this difference, that the drawing wants firmness: the armour-clad men are in danger of falling to pieces. Sadly wanting in force, too, are the ghosts of Egyptian temples as faintly shadowed forth by C. Vacher. Structures on the Nile when we knew them twenty years ago were remarkable for solidity and stability. Carl Werner is also on the wane; like his countryman Guido Bach he seems to have passed his zenith. Certainly, 'The Great Khan at Kenné' (167) shows a falling away in strength and truth.

Flowers and fruits are nowhere better painted than in the Institute, indeed it may be said, that J. Sherrin is the best living representative of the late William Hunt: as witness 'Nest and Plum

Blossom' (45) and 'The Branch of Plums' (231). Also in passing may be commended 'Flowers and Fruit' (83) by Mrs. William Duffield and 'Clematis, Gladiolus, &c.' (105) by Fanny Harris.

The landscapes in the Institute may, like the figure-subjects, be divided into two schools, the artificial and the simple, the imaginative and the matter of fact. T. L. Rowbotham romances as heretofore about Italy, laying on blues and yellows mercilessly and madly. Mr. Leitch too on 'Ben Lomond' (155), reaches Byronic sublimity. 'North Sannox, Isle of Arran' (126), by Mr. Reed, is also a favourable example in a similar school. The style of Edward Hargitt if of less vigour retains more delicacy. 'Castle Eilan Donan, Loch Duich' (96), is a scene encompassed with atmosphere, light and colour. Mountain-regions are as a rule endowed with grandeur, massiveness, and gloom by the members of the Institute. Yet we regret to find that Mr. Edmund Warren has failed in his virtuous attempt to extend pictorial vision beyond beech woods to wide-stretching mountains and moorlands. 'Harvest time' (182), after his first manner, remains a success; on the contrary 'Killarney' (125), is confused and chaotic, and 'The Eagle's Nest Mountain' (68), on the same lake, is in a state which artists term rotten. But a painter possessed of Mr. Warren's proved talent need not feel discouraged. Let him try again. Only he must beware of excess of opaque colour and stipple touch. Mountains cannot be thus painted; the labour expended is misapplied and thrown away.

Rosa Bonheur, who heretofore has favoured the Institute, happens on the present occasion to be absent. Animal-painters are not in force. Mr. Shalders drives into the Gallery the self-same flock of sheep which time out of mind has found shelter on the premises. Yet a scene 'Near Petworth' (129), by this artist may be greeted as agreeable. R. Beavis distends in scale: 'Qui va là' (86), is a large and important effort. This artist has talent, and yet his works bring disappointment; the horse and the rider who make themselves conspicuous in this room fail in effect only from want of study.

The Institute has of late years gathered strength from its newly elected associates, among whom T. Collier stands conspicuous, not by ostentation but by modest approach to nature. In a study on 'Eskdale Fells' (29), we are reminded of Cox and Whittaker: again in 'a Westerly Wind' (138), the transparent treatment is in happy contrast with the laboured opacity which for the most part prevails in the Institute. Mr. Collier in making a sketch or a study knows the point at which to leave off, he represents a style which now unfortunately is threatened with extinction. Mr. Mole has long gone in the opposite tack, 'Cockle Gatherers' (147), one of the artist's best products, is cooked to exhibition point. Also for pains-taking, without commensurate Art-result, may be commended, 'Aber Sands' (79), and some other small attempts by Mr. Orrock. Superior for breadth, power, and impressiveness is 'A Sand-pit' (44) by R. K. Penson. The treatment is quiet and sombre, and the picture has the merit,—for a merit by many it is accounted—of being made out of nothing. For some time past there has been a tendency towards low-toned pictures, a national reaction after the passion which previously prevailed for white paint. Mr. Fahey exhibits drawings in a half-shade and quiet monotone according to a style prevalent in the Dudley Gallery. 'The New Place, Fulborough,' (113) and 'Part of the Cappuccini Convent, Rome,' (142), are solemn and subdued; grey in the gloaming, at the hour when memories wake and nature seeks repose. Mr. Hine and Mr. D'Egville also dwell in tranquil moods; the former revives associations in the history of water-colour painting. 'Wilmington Holt, Sussex,' (164), is, in its delicious and transitional greens, quiet greys, and white chalk peeping through the mossy sward, a drawing not unworthy of Copley Fielding. In fine, the Institute, though not at its best, contains, as we have shown, a fair percentage of works which cannot fail to interest observers watchful of the changes which from time to time come over the essentially national Art of water-colour painting.



# BRITISH ARTISTS: THEIR STYLE AND CHARACTER.

WITH ENGRAVED ILLUSTRATIONS.

No. XCIX.—BIRKET FOSTER.

LITERATURE, in its almost infinity of phases, and the Sciences, in the numerous branches under which they may be classified, or into which they may be divided, are found to have included within their respective spheres not a few distinguished names of the community known among us as the Society of Friends, or Quakers. Art has achieved less success by their aid, though drawing and painting are recognised as accomplishments not expunged from their lawful canons. Benjamin West, who succeeded Reynolds as President of the Royal Academy, was descended from a family of "Friends" who either went over to America with William Penn, of the same religious creed, or followed him thither at an early date, and helped to form the State of Pennsylvania. West practically adhered to the faith in which he was reared, and refused to accept the honour of knighthood, as contrary to his principles. He is generally represented, in the portraits of him, habited in the costume universally worn by the males of the community in former times, but now nearly renounced by all but veteran members, or those of the "stricter sect,"—the broad-brimmed hat, long and loose coats with deep lappets, knee-breeches, and grey stockings. John Opie, also a member of the Royal Academy, was, if I am not mistaken, another artistic member of the Society of Friends; and there is more than one living painter—Jacob Thompson and Birket Foster, for example—who comes under the same category. I cannot call to mind any sculptor, living or dead, among them; but engraving has its representative—notably in William Miller, of Edinburgh, unquestionably one of the best landscape-engravers of our time.

BIRKET FOSTER was born on the 4th of February, 1825, at North Shields, as stated in a biographical work which has supplied me with much of the following personal narrative.\* His parents were members of the Society of Friends, and they took rank, as did their ancestors for several generations, among the aristocracy of the community; one Sarah Forster,—as the name appears to have been originally written, and is now sometimes—who lived in 1701, married a descendant of Margaret Fell, of Swathmoor Hall, who, after the death of her first husband, Judge Fell, was united to George Fox, founder of the Quakers. The grandfather of Mr. Birket Foster went to sea when about eighteen years of age, and, after making three voyages to the West Indies, was appointed store-keeper in Antigua by some relatives settled there as merchants. In 1776 the young man entered on board an English vessel of war then fitting out at that place to cruise against American privateers. Two years afterwards he left the ship, at Spithead, and joined the *Defiance*, of sixty-four guns, from which he was transferred a few days afterwards to the *Jupiter*, of fifty guns, as master's mate. In October of the same year, the *Jupiter* engaged the *Triton*, a French ship of sixty-four guns; when the master of the English vessel was so severely wounded that he died the day following, and Robert Foster succeeded to his post. In 1779 he was appointed acting-lieutenant of the *Pelican*, of twenty-four guns. The young officer is said to have created quite a sensation in the Friends' meeting-house in Leicester, by his appearing there one Sunday in the uniform of his naval rank. He did not, however, remain long in the service after visiting his relatives, whose peace principles must have been somewhat scandalised by one of their order becoming a "man of war;" and they doubtless succeeded in weaning him from the profession, which he soon left. "A wonderful change," writes his son, "appears to have been wrought in this young officer. He became a man of peace, and in after-life avoided conversation about his naval career, and certainly never gloried in his former exploits;" his later years abounded with acts of love and mercy.

Southey appears to have made his acquaintance at one time; for he says in a characteristic letter to Richard Dupper, dated Feb. 23rd, 1806:—"Oh! Wordsworth sent me a man the other day, who was worth seeing; he looked like a first assassin in



Drawn by W. J. Allen.

"THE RACE UP—OUT OF BREATH."

[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.]

Macbeth, as to costume,—but he was a rare man. He had been a lieutenant in the navy; was scholar enough to quote Virgil aptly; had turned Quaker, or semi-Quaker, and was now a dealer in wool somewhere about twenty miles off. He had seen much, and thought much; his head was well-stored, and his heart in the right place." He died, in 1827, much respected and regretted by those among whom he lived, having reached a good old age.

His son, Mr. Miles Birket Foster, left North Shields with his family for London, when the subject of this notice was about five

years of age, who had already given indications of a love of Art; it is a tradition in the family that the child Birket could draw before he could speak; and it is said that he made a clever copy of a tail-piece in Bewick's "Natural History" when only seven years old. It is assumed, and not without probability, that the local renown, and the tradition afloat in the north, regarding

\* PHOTOGRAPHIC PORTRAITS OF MEN OF EMINENCE IN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART, WITH BIOGRAPHICAL MEMOIRS. Edited by EDMUND WALFORD, M.A. Published by A. W. BENNETT.

Bewick, who is generally recognised as the father of English wood-engraving, "influenced, in no small degree, the budding aspirations of his young copyist, who was destined in so distinguished a manner to render popular, and carry forward into greater perfection, at a future day, the Art which Bewick had first made familiar in England."

The first few years of the boy's life, after arriving in London, were, of course, devoted to ordinary education,—in a school at Tottenham, a locality in which the Friends still abound, more, perhaps, than in any other neighbourhood of the metropolis. The school was conducted by three ladies, who, among other accomplishments, possessed considerable knowledge of drawing; under their judicious instruction young Birket Foster, whose love of Art increased, rather than abated, with advancing years, made much progress. At the age of sixteen it was necessary for him to make choice of some business or profession: his desire was to become a landscape-painter, but his father, thinking that the career of an engraver offered more advantageous prospects, arranged with a seal-engraver of some eminence to take him as a pupil; but the sudden death of his intended master before the

contract was completed put an effectual stop to the project. In this extremity, the youth himself applied to Mr. Landells, the well-known wood-engraver, who had studied the Art under Bewick; and he agreed to accept him as pupil for a term of years. But his master had the discernment to find out in a short time that Birket Foster possessed the talents of an artist; and that, in the capacity of a draftsman on wood, he would render him more efficient service, while promoting his own interests, than in handling the tools of the engraver. Henceforth his pupil employed himself in designing, and drawing upon wood, and during the five years he remained with Mr. Landells he produced a very large number of subjects for wood-cuts; the earliest of which were for the volumes of Mr. and Mrs. S. C. Hall's "Ireland:" these were followed by many for the *Illustrated London News*, and other pictorial publications.

An accident which happened during one of his holiday-trips ere his apprenticeship had expired, threatened to deprive the public of the services of one who had already found much favour with the lovers of Art. While travelling in the Highlands the carriage occupied by him was unfortunately overturned; his right arm was



*Drawn by W. J. Allen.*

CASTLE OF RHEINFELS, ST. GOAR—ON THE RHINE.

*[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.]*

broken in two places, and he received some injury in the back. The use of the arm was, happily, restored in a comparatively short time; but for seven months he was confined to his bed or his couch by the other affliction. Grievous as this cessation from labour must have been, yet it afforded him opportunity for thought and mental study—to analyse his own ideas about Art, to ponder over his shortcomings, and to see in what way he could best advance his practice, when restored health and strength permitted him to use the pencil again. He has remarked with reference to this period of involuntary idleness, "that a season of entire rest from the practice of his own defects in Art, is a most beneficial time for an artist."

As soon as his term of apprenticeship had expired, and Mr. Birket Foster was free to work on his own account, his services were largely in demand by publishers of illustrated books, and he continued to draw for wood-engraving with the greatest success. In conjunction with Mr. John Gilbert and Miss Jane Benham, now Mrs. Benham Hay, he illustrated an edition of Longfellow's "Evangeline;" this became so great a favourite with the public

that he was employed the two following years upon drawings which may be counted by hundreds. The "Evangeline" was published in 1850, the year in which Mr. Foster made a beautiful drawing to illustrate one of the "Passages from the Poets," then being published in the *Art-Journal*: the subject is taken from Thomson's "Seasons," and is designated "Morning." In the enumeration of only a few of the books which his graceful pencil ornamented during the period between the appearance of the "Evangeline" and the year 1860, when he relinquished almost, if not quite, entirely the practice of drawing on wood, we may point out as the more prominent, Cowper's "Task," George Herbert's Poems, Goldsmith's Poems, Gray's "Elegy," Graham's "Sabbath," Wordsworth's Poems, and Beattie's "Minstrel." To these must be added the illustrations to "The Poets of the Nineteenth Century," to Campbell's "Pleasures of Hope," "Christmas with the Poets," "Pictures of English Landscape," "Old English Ballads," Coleridge's "Ancient Mariner," "Poetry of the Year," Warton's "The Hamlet." In these, and in a multitude of other works to which he contributed pictorial designs, one sees the poetry of the



writers carried by the artist to the perfection of sympathetic feeling and truthful representation.

Such works were, however, only the prelude to others of a far more important character, yet important only in another direction. In these exquisite little drawings upon blocks of wood which charmed everybody who saw them, the artist was training himself for a course of labour the public could not possibly have foreseen, and which ultimately surprised the world of Art-lovers. It was scarcely to be expected that Mr. Foster would rest content with the well-earned laurels he had won in his early practice; moreover, there must be a certain monotony—doubtless often found wearisome—in working upon wood with a single instrument—the black-lead pencil—from which an artist, conscious of his strength and ability, would naturally be disposed to extricate himself as soon as he could. Colour has greater charms than black and white, which may represent it, but are not adequate equivalents for its absence. In 1859 he sent to the exhibition of the Royal Academy a water-colour picture entitled 'A Farm—Arundel Park in the Distance.' In the following year he was elected Associate of the Water-Colour Society, and exhibited some drawings the same year in the gallery of the Society. One of them, 'Feeding the Ducks,' received the following notice in our columns,—“We have observed

that if drawing upon wood leads to any power at all in painting, that power is characterised by originality. This drawing is very beautiful in its minute manipulation; every leaf of the willows is given, and every blade of grass at the brink of the pool has its place, and asserts its individuality, but effect is forgotten; when the drawing is removed from immediately before the eye, we feel that it wants force.” But this weakness was only the natural result of comparative inexperience in the use of colours, the full power of which can only result from knowledge acquired by practice and observation: and this Mr. Foster soon gained.

In 1861 he was elected a Member of the Water-Colour Society, whose annual exhibitions have been enriched from that time with a multitude of pictures, of which it may be said generally, that English landscape has never been painted with purer feeling, greater truth, or a higher perception of the beauty of nature. And it is not alone in its charming realisations of scenery that the pencil of Birket Foster makes such a vivid and agreeable impression on the spectator; the rustic figures that give additional life to the landscape are just of that order which chimes in with all our associations of the country; children gathering primroses, or making bouquets of wild-flowers, catching minnows in the brook, romping in hay-fields, nutting, &c.; in fact, engaged in all the



*Drawn by W. J. Allen.*

SAILING THE BOAT.

*[Engraved by J. and G. P. Nicholls.]*

amusements and recreations indigenous to rural and sea-side life: the youngsters are assuredly his favourites, the elders, as a rule, he leaves to other hands; but it is impossible to look at any one of his works without a satisfying conviction that he is not only a diligent student of the peculiarities and varied beauties of English landscape, but an ardent lover of everything which appertains to it. We may point out among his more prominent works exhibited in the gallery of the Water-Colour Society,—‘Holmwood Common,’ ‘The River Mole,’ ‘Feeding the Ducks,’ ‘The Race down Hill,’ ‘Warkburn, Northumberland,’ ‘On the Shore, Bonchurch,’ ‘The Lock—Evening,’ ‘The Ferry,’ ‘The Donkey-Ride,’ ‘The Kite,’ ‘Arundel Mill,’ ‘The Beach, Hastings,’ ‘The Swing,’ ‘To gather Kingcups in the Yellow Mead,’ ‘Bellario,’ ‘The Meet,’ ‘The Weald of Surrey,’ and ‘Primrose-Gatherers,’ a very charming drawing engraved as one of our large plates in last year’s volume. Recently Mr. Foster has directed his attention to oil-painting, and with a success that bids fair to ensure for his works in this medium as high a reputation as his water-colour pictures have attained. In the present exhibition of the Royal Academy hang two of his oil-paintings, ‘The Thames, near Eton,’ very beautiful in feeling and careful in execution, and ‘The Bass Rock.’

No greater proof of the popularity of this artist could be afforded

than is shown in the large number of chromo-lithographs of his works which have made their appearance. It is quite possible Mr. Foster would be better pleased to see them less numerous; still, he must accept this multiplicity of reproduction as a high compliment to his talents, inasmuch as it is significant of a desire on the part of those who are unable to purchase his original works to possess such copies as are within their reach: and some of these chromo-lithographs are so well executed that they convey no inadequate idea of the artist’s own handiwork. The estimation of his pictures formed by collectors is proved by the very large sums paid for them.

In the three examples here engraved we have a respective illustration of three almost distinct kinds of subject. ‘THE RACE UP’ may be accepted as a pure landscape, to which the children who have raced up to the high ground, and are ‘out of breath,’ give life and motion. The ancient ‘CASTLE OF RHEINFELS,’ towering above the town of St. Goar amid the glories of the Rhine, claims to be architectural in a degree, and is one of the few continental scenes delineated by Mr. Foster’s pencil; the drawing was kindly lent us by its owner, W. Quilter, Esq., of Norwood. ‘SAILING THE BOAT’—the property of James Jardine, Esq., of Alderley—is far more of a *genre* subject than a landscape.

JAMES DAFFORNE.

## JAPANESE LITERATURE AND ART.\*

THESE volumes come very opportunely to supplement, if such a term may be used, the series of interesting papers on Japanese Art, by Mr. J. Jackson Jarves, now appearing in our Journal. Till within a very few years little has been known

of the inner life of the singular yet intelligent race—the inhabitants of Japan; and that little was gathered from sources which left comparatively untouched very much of a most interesting and instructive character: in fact, according to Mr. Mitford's report, every means were employed to keep foreigners in ignorance of the true history and social condition of the country. But "the recent revolution in Japan has wrought changes social as well as political; and it may be that when, in addition to the advance which has already been made, railways and telegraphs shall have connected the principal points of the Land of Sunrise, the old Japanese, such as he was and had been for centuries when we found him eleven short years ago, will have become extinct. It has appeared to me that no better means could be chosen of preserving a record of a curious and fast disappearing civilization, than the translation of some of the most interesting national legends and histories, together with other specimens of literature bearing upon the same subject."

The contents of the book may be summarised as familiar stories, fairy tales, stories about ghosts and superstitions, and Japanese theology set forth in sermons; of one of these last, Mr. Mitford took notes. But besides these subjects we find much information concerning Japanese society generally: as, for example, in his remarks descriptive of the first illustration introduced on this page,—The Deputation of

in their green rain-coats, and carrying sickles and bamboo-poles in their hands, assemble before the gate of their lord's palace at the capital, and represent their grievance, imploring the intercession of the retainers, and even of the womankind who may chance to go forth. Sometimes they pay for their temerity with their lives; but, at any rate, they have the satisfaction of bringing shame upon their persecutor, in the eyes of his neighbours and of the populace." In the illustration, the lord is unquestionably disposed to turn a deaf ear to the appeal of his tenants, and to dismiss them summarily from his presence.

The humour—amounting to caricature, though it is not so intended—of Japanese artists is manifest in this design; yet even more so in the next, which illustrates the story of 'The Eta Maiden and the Hatamoto.' The Etas are the most degraded caste of the Japanese; the Hatamotos rank as nobles. The story relates the loves of Genzaburō, one of the latter, and an Eta damsel. Genzaburō is described as a youth of "extraordinary personal beauty."

Walking out one day, the thong of his sandal broke, and he stopped to have it repaired by a way-side cobbler. The work being done, he left to return home, when two wandering singing-girls, Etas, came over a bridge to speak to the cobbler; "one was a woman of some twenty years of age, and the other was a peerlessly beautiful girl of sixteen," whose personal attractions are described in detail



THE DEPUTATION OF PEASANTS AT THEIR LORD'S GATE.

Peasants.' The landlords of the country seem to have great power over their tenantry, and can demand rents which are not due, or loans of money, repaying them when it suits their convenience. "But it too often happens that unjust and merciless lords do not repay such loans, but, on the contrary, press for further advances. Then it is that the farmers, dressed

the thong of his sandal broke, and he stopped to have it repaired by a way-side cobbler. The work being done, he left to return home, when two wandering singing-girls, Etas, came over a bridge to speak to the cobbler; "one was a woman of some twenty years of age, and the other was a peerlessly beautiful girl of sixteen," whose personal attractions are described in detail



GENZABURŌ'S MEETING WITH THE ETA MAIDEN.

by the writer of the story, and of whom the handsome Genzaburō became desperately enamoured. Surely the force of caricature could go

no farther than in these specimens of Japanese portraiture. Similar illustrations abound in the volumes: "they were drawn," says Mr. Mitford, "in the first instance, by one Odaké, an artist in my employ, and were cut on wood by a famous wood-engraver at Yedo, and are therefore genuine specimens of Japanese Art."

These "Tales of Old Japan" possess a three-fold interest,—in the stories related, in the general information they supply, and in the examples of an art curious and original in its development. They are books to be inquired for by the novel-reader, as doubtless they are, and will long continue to be.

\* TALES OF OLD JAPAN. By A. B. MITFORD, Second Secretary to the British Legation in Japan. With illustrations drawn and cut on wood by Japanese artists. Two Vols. Published by Macmillan & Co.



## A GENUINE ARTISTIC RACE.

## PART IV.

I HAVE before me a bunch of tall bamboos sketched in india-ink, the aerial perspective being rendered by gradations in the tinting. The joints of the canes are simply interstices in the drawing, through which the delicate india-paper shows, while the leaves, all disconnected from the parent stalks, would tumble to the ground, were they real. No two of the indicating strokes are alike. A looser, freer manner of design could not be imagined. Yet each leaf has its own physiognomy; its physiology is perfect and action complete—alone, as in the mass. No Art could be more artless in execution or with less of what Pre-Raphaelites call truth of detail: and yet no individual has seen it but has involuntarily exclaimed "What a perfect study of nature!" In sparing himself the artist has spared the spectator, and still realised to him a real plant swaying in the breezy sunlight, free as nature, and imbued with the poetry of her growth.

This supreme facility of expression is as common in Japanese Art as is the reverse in ours. Immensely painstaking in the purpose of representing material substance, we are apt to be successful only in making a counterfeit and labelling it as one.

If that be the profoundest Art which suggests—not imitates—the most of a fact with the least perceptible effect, then the Japanese are our teachers. Our Art tends to destroy itself by fruitless rivalry with nature, just as Marsyas was slain by Apollo for his presumption in vying with a god. The gist of Art lies in going to nature, not to imitate, but to study her methods, facts, laws, and principles, by the help of which the artist should compose independent works by exercising an independent will, himself a *creator*.

We find this active principle in all sound Japanese work. Be the object a flower, insect, animal, bird, or reptile, a dragon or genii, a ghost or demi-god, it exists in virtue of the will and handicraft of the artist, who has acquired a dominion over nature by obeying her laws. Sagaciously comprehending his own position in respect to nature, he succeeds in making Art an organic force in civilisation, and a prophetic interpreter of human possibilities.

Japanese pictorial Art has a fragmentary aspect in the mass. It is better pleased with strong bits than whole pictures. These are, however, largely treated, although seldom put together so as to form perfect unity of composition designed in reference to a central idea and point of view. We are furnished with connected series of panoramic views, but each figure may stand independent of others. Thus they assume no perspective of converging lines; instead, flat surfaces, flat outlines, and flat tints. There is no *chiar-oscuro*, or modelling by gradations of light and shade. Yet by local massing of their colours, an adroit management of horizontal lines, and skilful zig-zag approaches, they contrive to lay out before us vast reaches of country and sea receding in the distance and expanding into space in the most natural manner. Moreover, they are clever in securing atmospherical tone, indicating the time of day or night, season, or state of the elements, by a nicely-graduated harmony of tinting. The local and transitory effect is enhanced by contrasts and combinations of positive brilliant colouring, such as the blossoms of trees and costumes of the period of the year afford. Snow-scenes, expanses of blue water, far-off mountains bounding wide intervals of lowland, valleys running sharply and tortuously into precipices, large plats of vegetation, with relative distances accentuated by living objects, bridges, boats, and villages, the whole having a high line of horizon illumined by broad *strata* of varied warm lights, or broken by vapours which mystify the scene; all these features are so combined, varied, and balanced, as to merit the designation of a distinct school of landscape of charming refinement in all respects.

I am now looking at an extremely simple sketch: it is a mere tender wash of india-ink

representing the ocean with junks at anchor off a forest-clad point, under the shadow of which, embowered in orchards, nestles a small village, whose windows are aglow with inside lights. Distant hills darken the horizon on the right, over which the full moon pours its limpid rays, fusing the scene into a poetical indistinctness of shape and outline. Much of the indescribable delicacy is due to the quality of paper, which is unsurpassed in tone and texture for the nicest uses of Art.

The Japanese are not happy in abrupt heights, because their system of successive planes of horizon is adverse to such illusions. They are felicitous in storm effects, alternating torrents of rain, wind-driven over vast surfaces, with sparkle of sunbeams, or half disguising the scene in grey fog broken by tree and house-tops and ranges of hills; a vapoury moon or cloudy sun deepening the gloom, and episodes like the flicker of a bat's wing in the faint twilight, birds passing athwart the moon seen as flitting dark spots; men in the vagueness of night as phantoms abroad, oppositions of moonbeam and torch-light with magic twitter of shadow, volumes of rolling mists and abrupt disclosures of form and hues dissolving instantly in fresh obscurity; a dash of poetry in everything, and a keen choice of best aesthetic conditions: these form a part of their machinery to deepen the stress of the general motive.

It is noteworthy that the Japanese reverse the practice of our own scenic landscapists, who try to pass off general effects done in a superficial manner filled in with numerous accessories more accurately drawn. The Orientals add but sparsely minor objects to the general features, and either faintly suggest them, or carefully draw in a few well-chosen details, while relying in the main on the imagination of the spectator to spontaneously complete his work—an agreeable task, of which his European rival too frequently deprives us. They have also a charming manner of doing strictly conventional forms, like their waves and rocks, arising out of their absolute sincerity of work. The tone and spirit of the scene are sure to be largely manifested, free of any artistic conceit and legerdemain shirking of the true thing to gull the spectator's fancy. Personal idiosyncracies do not crowd out the legitimate feeling of the topic. Everywhere we notice frankness of means and fidelity to the motive. This absorption of the artist in his object communicates itself to the spectator. Be it merely a blade of grass, bit of vine, bunch of blossoms, jagged plantain leaf, shrub bowed by the wind dimly seen through a rain-gust, bird pluming itself or swooping on its prey; in short, whatever a natural object, under any of its conditions of existence can do, that a Japanese draughtsman makes us perceive, with the liveliest action, thorough truth of design, and most telling characterisation, and, it should be added, with appropriate grace and beauty. Consummate Art like this can only spring from a corresponding sympathy, comprehension, and taste, in the people at large.

The æsthetic temperament of the nation is most felt in the use of colour. Design often is circumscribed by particular exigencies of the parent-motive apart from the purely artistic. But in dealing with colour the artist can employ it either as an accessory to form or wholly independent of it. He has only to consult its relation to his ideal conception as how best to oppose, balance, graduate, heighten, subdue, or tone its qualities in order to produce certain effects, which may be originated in his own mind or borrowed from natural objects. Viewed in a certain aspect, colour may be said to have an intellectual meaning responding to mental conditions, the manner of its use or enjoyment indicating spiritual, sensuous, or sensual proclivities of thought. Alone, all colours are morally negative, like notes of music. But there are tones in both which conform to states of mind. Purity, coldness, sensuality, and brightness of tints are significant terms, whose roots penetrate into the spiritual element of humanity—I would say religions, were it not that existing religions possess a large alloy of sensualism, founded on a mean dread of physical suffering, and an equally base hope of corporeal happiness. By spirituality in colour I mean the clearness and

harmony of simple unmixed tints, as shown in the sacred Art of Italy in its best estate, portraying, as with clairvoyant insight, the joy of the redeemed. Europe has passed from this psychological extreme to another of absolute materialism in Art, going through a colourless period, or one of barren intellectuality. These three are conditions representing mental phases rather than independent artistic periods, the fruit of passionate æsthetic temperaments, such as exist throughout the Orient, but profoundest in Japan. Here the love of colour resolves itself into a distinct faculty free of extraneous influences; never, however, soaring above refined sensuousness, although most delicate in its harmonies, and displaying a fullness of splendour unsurpassed anywhere. The Orientals solve problems of colour which, with our enfeebled senses, we never dare consider. Their combinations, oppositions, balancing of masses, fineness of gradations, breadth, variety, depth, directness, dexterity, boldness, knowledge of the secrets of nature, reliance of their own devices, heedless whether or not it makes the structural design itself play a secondary part, especially as concerns the human figure—a practice so contrary to the European,—all this is calculated to startle eyes accustomed to view the organic form as of primary importance in an æsthetic composition. At the same time, no people know better how to illustrate natural history and atmospherical phenomena. Their prints of birds, fishes, animals, plants, and insects possess an indisputable vivacity and verity of colouring and drawing. But the acme of their sentiment for colour is to be seen in those highly-decorated albums which reveal the mysteries of fashionable life in Japan.

Here is one printed on fine crape, the crimped texture helping out its tender tone and softness of surface, agreeably subduing tints which otherwise might seem too much accentuated. Invariably the first surprise is the intensity of the colours and the variety of the decorative designs which distinguish the awkward-fitting, cumbersome costumes of the ladies and gentlemen, with attendants only a shade more soberly attired. The designs in the dresses are chiefly taken from the gayest specimens of the animal and vegetable kingdoms, mostly birds and flowers, although geometrical arabesques and patterns not unlike those in Persian carpets and Cashmere shawls are common. They please themselves, too, with marked contrasts of drapery in the mass. Extreme depth of richest colouring—no toilette tints, thin and evanescent as hues of candies, but got direct by alchemy of their own fadeless dyeing, from flowers and feathers, whose sheen they rival—distributed so as to give equal repose and harmonious sparkle throughout; each figure a complete picture in itself, and in accord with its neighbours; the whole forming a tableau of richest effect, as might as many birds of Paradise or beds of blending and contrasting flowers: all this emphasised by backgrounds redolent with the perfume of pink blossoms, the sweetness of young grass, or elaborately decorated wall-screens and draperies of embroidered satins descending close to beautifully-tempered mattings of uniform hues, but pitched in the same high key as the remainder of the picture; colour eloquent, sense exciting, like a grand overture to an opera; story and detail overborne by a passionate burst of harmony: such is the immediate impression of compositions made only to give vent to an ecstatic sensuous pleasure in colour.

Words are as futile to describe the effects of colour as of music. Some inkling of the Japanese methods is all one can hope to give. There is a delicate gradation to the bright tints which conventionally represent sky, water, land, or vegetation, which is very frank and genuine, recalling the best work of our mediæval miniaturists, all the more wonderful from being printed, and which put to blush our crude chromographs. Forms are outlined with structural correctness. The generic anatomy of plants and trees is largely and accurately indicated, the colours of fruits and blossoms being grouped like notes of music, to produce visual melody, while the sharper contrasts and profound oppositions in costumes serve to complete the likeness, as a whole, to a brilliant orchestral per-



formance. What we make of highest importance is the least to them. Besides being featureless and colourless, flat in drawing, monotonous in type, the human form serves only as a lay-figure to pose and dress to suit the artist's wishes; but, owing to his mastery over action, he endows it with abundant character. Inelegant and inaccurate in modelling, it expresses lively emotions, and supports accessories done with graphic truth. Look at the aged servant in livery on all fours, whose spine is used as a footstool by an elegant lady on tiptoe, stretching herself to her utmost to pluck some blossoms from an overhanging bough. The crimson blush of the flowers is surpassed by the deeper glow of the horizon behind green hills, which rise behind crystalline waters, while the deep blue, orange, and red patterns of vines and armorial designs or checkered figures in her rich purple dress are repeated in various, and equally splendid, colouring in the gala costumes of women menials: one of whom is holding up a beautiful tea-service of egg-shell porcelain, and the other presenting a visitor's card on a lacquer plate. As respects drawing, the upturned head of the old servant is all awry, but his firm-set lips, compressed eyes and nostrils, painful curve of back, and firm planting of wrists on the ground, showing violent tension of muscles, indicate, in naive manner, the weight of his mistress, who, absorbed in her own action, regards him no more than if he were literally a bit of furniture. Her unsteadiness of balance is ludicrously perceptible, echoed in the half-alarmed and half-smiling watchful looks of the women, who evidently expect her to tumble. At first the brilliancy of colouring of the whole picture obscures the drollery and intensified action of the actors; but as soon as these delightful qualities are noticed, they form a sufficient compensation for defects in other particulars, and force the colouring to assume its relative position in the story.

The same album introduces us to musical soirées, literary and artistic reunions,—Japanese ladies, be it known, sketch and paint exceedingly well,—calls of etiquette, games, moon-lit walks, coteries of scandalmongers, whose finesse of pantomime is worthy of the best comic acting; tea-festivities, and the chivalric rescue of two ladies at night, attacked by an armed ruffian bribed by a rival to maltreat them; the whole forming an epitome of high-life in Japan. The short descriptive text is printed in the illustrated page in colour, and forms an ornamental detail in keeping with it. The artist further violates our rules by omitting all shadows. Whenever he attempts anything on our system, he loses the fascination of his own. We may smile on looking out of one of his brilliantly-lighted rooms—for example, that of the musical-party—into the dark night outside to see the blossoms on the trees as distinctly outlined and coloured as if the sun shone on them. But he is no fool for all this. He knows as well as any one how much of them he could see under the circumstances, but he wants us to know that the air of that room is filled with their fragrance. To the concert of sweet sounds he adds a concert of sweet odours, and doubles our sensuous imaginative enjoyment at the expense of an unimportant material fact. This is a duty of the artist founded on an æsthetic consciousness of a far higher quality than any possible fidelity of literal draughtsmanship. In the rescue-scene the branches of the tree partaking of the spirit of the spectacle look weird and threatening, and its blossoms gleam in the dark like the sinister eyes of an animal of prey. This sort of occult sympathy between the artist and nature is a striking feature in Japanese work.

Although the elementary principles and practice are so fundamentally sound, they belong to a primary stage of civilisation; right as far as they go, but not going far enough. We must admit they are successful in imparting that refined pleasure which is the end and aim of true Art. Two things they teach us: first, to see the selected fact characteristically always, and often beautifully even if it be not beautiful in choice; secondly, either to enter cordially and intelligently into its proper life, or by the cunning of an inventive will to transform it into another quite distinct from its native sphere.

No people more thoroughly understand the respective offices of Art and nature and where to draw the boundary between them. They fully comprehend that Art has an independent aim; that it exists in virtue of its own being, untrammelled by theories of ethics, political economy, or natural science; and that while it culls its principles and methods from nature, it has no call to be her servile imitator, or to defer to the prosaic requirements of a merely industrial existence. True, Japanese Art has never learned the use of shadow in relief, or to know that each positive colour is relatively dark or light to some other of a higher or lower shade of brightness with which it is placed in connection. Neither are they familiar with those subtle glazings and luminous gradations of mingled tints which give perfection to modelling in colour and spread a warm transparent atmosphere over a picture. But they excel in outlining and tinting spaces, matching them by the eye after nature, correct in general tone, and so opposed, as to imbue the scene with an aerial perspective and the proper sentiment of the season or hour. In this way we get an objective consciousness of a lowering day in winter, the air full of latent snow-flakes, or sparkling with bewildering sunlight; the warm haze or cloudless sky of summer; twilight mystery, starlit gloom of darkest night, cold rays of moon tripping over still waters; midnight welcome to weird visitors from the spirit-world, and the noisy tug of noontide life. Each and all of these conditions they make so clearly manifest as to cause one to pause before abjuring them to change a system which serves their Art so well for the technics which serve ours so indifferently. Ruskin's axiom that no Art is vital and beautiful which does not represent the "facts of things," a vague phrase, but meaning I suppose their literal likeness, is often confuted by the Japanese; for they do produce much that is vitally beautiful without being an exact fact in nature. Carried to extremes this disposition furnishes the world with those ingeniously constructed mermaids which have puzzled prosaic brains and amused the imaginative. Their rule is not to imitate nature as a girl counts stitches in her worsted work, but to make the most of the impressions she leaves on the mind in the whole. Their artistic supremacy mainly rests on their ability to vary at will the forms and combinations of nature, and invent new.

This trait is particularly to be noted in that branch of Art over which they still reign as supreme as ever were the Greeks over the human form. In the several phases already reviewed there has been something which fell short of perfection; somewhat to qualify eulogium. But in Ornamental Art there are no drawbacks to complete satisfaction. All the commendation bestowed on other forms applies equally to it, and the exceptions carry no weight, because the articles are made without any imperative regard for natural truth, serviceableness, or illustration, but purely as things to cheer rather than instruct life, after the fashion of the Creator in the ordering of the warbling of a bird or of an opalescent sunset.

Greece alone offers anything like a parallel to the liberty given to Art in a very essential point in Japan. Swayed by its ethics, the immediate effect of the Reformation in Europe was to weaken and destroy Art. But after debarring it from those religious motives which had given it so powerful a hold in the human conscience, it was left to lead a domestic and dubious existence of too little significance any way to cause any alarm to the more austere principles which ruled the Protestant churches. Whilst no similar ascetic caution has obtained in Japan, its statecraft has been firm in hindering priestcraft from making Art an instrument of its specific ambitions. Too sagacious to attack Art itself, the rulers put no restrictions to its illustrating popular beliefs; but, after the policy of the old Greeks, required it to operate solely on its own æsthetic principles, independent of a dogmatic propagandism to the intent to control the civic destinies of men by lording it over their souls. There was no question about idolatry if the authority of the state was left intact. A like jealous watch was kept over all ecclesiastical functions. None of those monopolising, un-

assailable privileges in regard to burials, baptisms, marriages, and other rites, and even teachings, were permitted, by means of which, upheld by fears of sacrilege, the Roman Catholic clergy obtain such a dominion over their flocks as to endanger the secular authority whenever ideas and interests clash. Instead, the idolatry of Japan strengthens rather than weakens loyalty in the people. The genealogy of the deities and Mikados is one and the same. Legitimacy in the latter rested on their presumed sacred descent. Any attempt to disturb this tie between the emperors and the gods was nipped in the bud; how pitilessly and effectively, the extermination of the native converts to Romanism witnesses. Not to wholly lose their hold on the populace, the priests circumscribed their functions to such fêtes and ceremonies as would entertain the people and cause no alarm to the government. Hence one cause of the familiar treatment of the common deities and the pantheistic views of nature by all classes. In this way, bereft, it is true, of lofty spiritual motives, Art in Japan took a prominent part in social and religious life on the basis of affording pleasure to the people and being ruled solely by its own laws.

The wide-spread existence of this independent Art, despite the depressing and stagnating influences of the chief tenet of Bouddha, shows how profoundly it enters into the daily life of the population. When we consider the infinite variety, perfection, and originality of their ornamental objects, their *unserviceableness* as opposed to the principle of homely utility, which is the basis of similar things elsewhere, we must acknowledge that the Japanese are the only thoroughly artistic people now living. Europe is too much hampered by its industrial code and prosaic notions to invent purely æsthetic designs and forms. Her taste is either distorted by trade-calculations, chilled by the public indifference to beauty, or coolly set aside by the one-sided common-sense theory of political economy. With us houses are furnished; that is, furniture is absolute in domestic life. We require a multitude of convenient and luxurious objects, produced by machinery, each workman the lifelong slave of a single fraction of a mechanical whole, the perfection of which consists in its cheap production and exact resemblance to numberless similar wholes; a system of labour which deadens the mental faculties, power of enjoyment, and manual capacity of the worker, and effectually hinders any wholesome development of taste in the buyer.\*

J. JACKSON JARVES.

## VISITS TO THE STUDIOS OF ROME.

CERTAIN parts of Rome seem devoted to Art, large blocks of building furnishing here nests, as it were, of studios, story above story, where the artist arrives earlier or later in the morning, working till afternoon and receiving visitors—a practice which, were it not the habit of their lives thus to divide their time, would be a serious interruption to work and quiet thought. But it is the custom of the place; and, indeed, considering that there are no important public exhibitions here, no galleries in which works of Art, as they are completed, can be brought under the eye of the many strangers who visit Rome during the winter, and who are the principal purchasers of these works, it is perhaps the best means that can be adopted to make them familiar to the public, or to bring them under the eye of those willing and able to purchase them.

In the localities whereof we speak, which seem peculiarly to be the gathering points of Art, we find ourselves in the midst of sculptors and painters, men and women of various nations—English, American, German, French, Scandinavian, and Italian. For instance, the neighbourhood of the Piazza Barberini is one of these, behind which lie a little group of streets—the Nicolò da Tolentino, the Via di San Basilio, and others, full of studios.

\* To be concluded in our next.



Let us first visit that of Mr. Healy, the well-known clever American portrait-painter. Here we find life-size portraits of Longfellow and his young golden-haired daughter: a fine portrait of Abraham Lincoln, seated; Liszt, the composer, in his priestly garb, seated at the piano; the American Generals Sherman and Sheridan, with numerous handsome ladies and lovely children.

And here let us remark that, as we have said before, these daily visits, being the order of artistic life, bring you agreeably acquainted with the artist himself, who may and probably will receive you, with his brush and palette or his modelling stick in hand, in some appropriate and often picturesque costume, whereby he often forms a very striking feature in his own studio. But to proceed.

Our next visit shall be to the studio of Mr. Story, who, like the great masters of old, embodies in his own person the author and the poet with that of the sculptor. He is also to be found in the same quarter. Mr. Story is already well known in England from his 'Cleopatra' and his 'Libyan Sibyl,' which, exhibited there in the International Exhibition of 1862, became the property of Mr. Morrison. The various rooms of his studio are full of works of great beauty and power. Of these we may simply enumerate in marble 'Dalliah,' 'Medea,' 'Sappho,' and a beautiful fully-draped 'Vesta,' intended to embody his idea of the domestic virtues; a copy of the 'Cleopatra' in marble and also of the 'Libyan Sibyl.' In the inner sanctuary is his greatest and most powerful work, in clay, the last touches to which are now being given. This is one of his first allegorical statues—'Jerusalem in Desolation, from the First Chapter of the Lamentations.' Jerusalem sits as a solitary widow, yet all the beauty hath not departed from her. See the pathos of her deeply-speaking eyes, which have wept so much, and of her mournful mouth, which silently utters to you as you gaze on her—"Behold, and see if there be any sorrow like unto my sorrow." She sits a beautiful and grand draped figure on a broken wall—a very wailing place—the phylactery round her brows, with no other ornament on her person, the plastic clay having as yet to receive on the hem of her garments the mystic bells and pomegranates.

Turning into the studio of the deceased Tenerani, who scarcely more than twelve months ago was considered one of the leaders of the Italian school of sculpture, we find duplicate copies in marble of his 'Psyche swooning away after the Fatal Gift of Proserpine;' a group of little figures representing various occupations—Agriculture, Commerce, Fishing, and Hunting—all in marble. Two colossal statues, casts afterwards executed in marble, of Ferdinand II.; also a cast of the 'Angel of the Resurrection'—a magnificent figure, which was executed by him, in marble, for the Church of S. Maria sopra Minerva.

Mr. Ball, a young English sculptor, has been fortunate in receiving the patronage of Miss Burdett Coutts, though as yet none of his designs executed for her are in London. He has just finished the design of a large panel-decoration, in *bas-relief*, for an entrance-hall, the subject of which may have been suggested by Shakespeare's words:—

"There is a tide in the affairs of men,  
Which, taken at the full, leads on to fortune;  
Omitted, all the sequel of our lives  
Is bound in shallows and in miseries."

His exemplification of which is one figure grasping opportunity, while another, fast asleep, loses it.

In the studio of Mr. Macdonald, from his age and standing one of the chief British sculptors in Rome, may be seen casts—all of which have been executed in marble—of no fewer than 400 busts, chiefly of the English nobility. His son, Mr. Alexander Macdonald, now working in his father's studio, has a 'Neapolitan Fisherman,' a spirited conception; and 'Æneas bearing his Father Anchises on his Shoulders,' in plaster; with a graceful 'Hebe and Eagle,' in marble, the lady pouring nectar into a cup. He is now modelling in clay a huntress caressing a greyhound which has just laid a dead hare at her feet. He is also copying, in marble, his father's

busts of the late Duke, and the present Duchess Dowager, of Northumberland, for the latter, who spent last winter in Rome.

As Mr. Macdonald is one of the patriarchs of British Art in Rome, so is Herr Wolff that of the German. He has been a resident here for eight-and-forty years, and, once the pupil of Thorwaldsen, is now the vice-president of the Academy of St. Luke. The various apartments of his studio are full of his works, several in marble, and many the casts of sculpture long since executed. Of these we may mention, 'The Meeting of the Daughter of Jephthah with her Father;' busts of Prince Albert before and after his marriage; of the Crown Princess of Prussia, as a baby, done by Herr Wolff at Windsor; of Bunsen, and Sir Fowell Buxton.

Herr Wolff is, at the present time, engaged in modelling a statue of 'Day,' which is to be accompanied by 'Night' as a shrouded female figure. His groups of the 'Seasons,' represented by children; and his 'Silent Love,'—Cupid with his finger to his lips—are noteworthy. Also is a 'Wounded Amazon,' as being the work of a young Greek, a pupil of Herr Wolff's, now returned to Athens, where, let us hope, in the midst of its mountains of marble, a new era of Art may eventually recommence not unworthy of the land of Phidias.

Before quitting the Barberini quarter of Rome, we would mention the studio of Mr. Tilton, its walls hung with glowing Italian landscapes, temples in Sicily, picturesque fishing-boats at Venice; and enriched with a portfolio of Egyptian sketches of great beauty and fidelity, his work this winter on the Nile.

Miss Edmonia Lewis, a coloured lady—partly of negro, partly of Indian parentage—who, after devoting herself to the plastic art for seven years, and producing various groups and busts, among others an excellent likeness of Charlotte Cushman, has met with great encouragement in America through her little Indian groups, illustrative of Hiawatha.

Walter Runeberg, the son of a great living Scandinavian poet, and regarded by Finland as her best sculptor, is engaged on a group of 'Psyche led by Zephyrs.' He represents her without wings, as being human, not divine, at the moment when left alone by her parents on the mount, she is rescued by the zephyrs—boyish figures—one of whom holds her hand, and, with a hopeful, joyous glance into her beautiful but wistful face, encourages her forward; the other, stooping, gently tries to move her reluctant foot. His 'Sleeping Cupid,' in marble, is an embodiment of pure innocent love in an unconscious state.

Miss Whitney, an American sculptor, has just completed, in marble, a small seated allegorical figure, representing Rome. *Roma*, an aged woman of a large heroic type, sits by the wayside and begs: her drooping head inclines eagerly forward, her open palms rest on her knee soliciting alms, her ample drapery is ragged on the edge with long wear, but it still bears tracery of the rich embroidery of its hem, as her countenance also bears the stamp of the illustrious race from which she sprang. Altogether the figure is noble and beautiful. This statuette has been sent to London, where it may probably be seen on its way to America.

Passing along the Via Felice we come to Mr. Coleman's studio, where he has lately had an exhibition of his pictures, together with those of his son. This gentleman has already obtained a reputation for his faithful and spirited delineations of animals, such as the buffaloes and the wild cattle of the Campagna. On this occasion the pictures amounted probably to fifty, several of which we were glad to see marked as sold.

A little farther on we visit the studio of Mr. Freeman, one of the oldest American *genre*-painters of Rome. Among his other pictures we may mention his 'Recording Angel,' and 'The Duchess,' a peasant-girl, one of Nature's nobility. Under the same roof is the studio of his wife, who is justly celebrated for her modelling of children. She is engaged at this moment in designing an elegant fender, to be cast in bronze, in which the Lares and Penates of domestic life are represented by charming life-like children, who denote by musical instru-

ments, palette or other symbol, the pursuits which beautify a home.

Mr. Rinehart, in the Via Sistina, one of the rising American sculptors in this focus of Art, and who wars against the Milan school, which loves to employ marble for the representation of lace and delicate veils, rather than the beautiful or the stern and strong realities of the human form, has just finished his vigorous colossal statue of Chief Justice Taney; to be sent to Baltimore. His 'Woman of Samaria' and his 'Sleeping Children' are worthy of his reputation.

His near neighbour, the highly-promising young English sculptor, Mr. Warrington Wood, has a beautiful group, in marble, entitled 'The Sisters of Bethany.' Martha is saying to her sister, "The Master is come and calleth for thee," the joy of which intelligence awakens Mary out of her sorrow, and we see her about to arise and hasten to Him. Mr. Wood has now, after executing several sacred groups, turned his attention to classical subjects, and is modelling a 'Hector and Helen.' She, a beautiful Greek, in the act of unbuckling his sword, is gazing upwards to him, while his thoughts are evidently far away. The group is at present under life-size, but the artist intends another year very properly to re-model it in heroic style, after which he will proceed to put it into marble.

Descending from the Pincian Hill into the neighbourhood of the Piazza di Spagna, we may visit the studios of various well-known painters. First, that of Mr. Penry Williams, who has for so many years carried Italy into England, by means of his elegant pictures of Italian peasants on the Campagna, by way-side shrines, or on the shores of the Mediterranean. Here we find on his easel a picture just executed for Mr. Sandbach, the friend and patron of Gibson, depicting Neapolitan peasants resting at noon on a pilgrimage. A woman holds a merry dancing child by the hand, a second plays upon a tambourine, while the father rests against an olive-tree, after a simple repast, the remains of which are seen in the foreground—golden oranges, and red wine in clear globular bottles, which are corked Italian fashion with a twisted vine-leaf.

Mr. Arthur Strutt has just sent a portfolio of sketches of Roman and Neapolitan scenery to England for Lady Crossley, of Halifax. They are also to be seen on canvas in the studio of Herr Corrodi and his sons; of Herr Lindermann Frommel, where we must stop to notice his large picture of the Greek temples at Paestum, standing forth grand and melancholy against a sunset of torn crimson and golden clouds; of the admirable Italian painter, Signor Vertunni, whose beautiful *atelier* is enriched with landscapes of the highest class.

Signor Vertunni occupies one of a group of studios in the Via Margutta, a region which, of all others in Rome, is perhaps most devoted to Art. In this same block of building, among others, are those of Signor Marianecchi, well deserving much commendation through his services to the Arundel Society; Mr. Buchanan Read, Miss Foley, Mr. Randolph Rogers, and that of the late Mr. Mozier, where Mr. Harnisch, a young American sculptor, who has met with considerable success during an unprecedentedly bad season for artists, is now working.

Mr. Buchanan Read is equally a portrait-painter and a delineator of poetic subjects, and in either department is rapid and effective. His studio at the present moment contains of the latter class, 'The Angel of Good Tidings appearing to the Shepherds of Bethlehem,' 'The Dream of Abou Ben Hassan,' and 'Will o' the Wisp,' a new representation of this impish sprite, as a beautiful star-lit maiden. The portrait most noteworthy is, perhaps, that of General Sheridan; seated on his war-horse, flying along on his famous ride which won a battle for the Northern States, and inspired Mr. Buchanan Read, who is also a poet, to write a war-ode, which is an excellent pendant to his picture.

Mr. Rogers, celebrated for his 'Blind Girl of Pompeii' and other meritorious works, has just sent off his fourth great President Lincoln monument to Munich to be cast.



Miss Foley is deservedly known for her medallion portraits, which are modelled not only with fidelity, but with great taste, purity, and tenderness. But she does not confine herself to this class of subjects. Her model for a fountain, of three children under the shade of an acanthus rising from the centre of the basin, filled with water-plants, is fresh and extremely elegant. We are glad to learn that this graceful design will, in all probability, be executed in bronze for some purpose not yet specified. A statue of a boy and kid, the boy carrying a vine branch on his shoulder, which the playful animal is attempting to rob of its leaves, is a pleasing group. Besides these we find a head and bust of Cleopatra, and a large head for a statue of Jeremiah, grand and melancholy. The burden of the affliction of his people is upon him; and the whole countenance is stamped by the greatness of his woe. This is the only portion as yet completed of four statues of the great prophets Isaiah, Daniel, Ezekiel, and Jeremiah, which this lady intends to produce, if a commission for so grand an undertaking were given. Let us hope, therefore, that some of the Protestant churches, about to be erected or opened, in the new order of things, within the walls of Rome, will not deem it an anomaly to introduce into their new places of worship in this city of Art such decorations.

Miss Florence Freeman has had a reception at her studio, also in the Via Margutta, when she exhibited several excellent works of Art, especially a clever and well-executed design for a fire-place—children bringing in the Yule-log.

Miss Hosmer's celebrated studio, in the same street, may probably be opened to the public next month, when, with those of Mr. Welsh and others, we hope to pay it the attention it deserves.

Signor Rosetti is busily employed. Mr. H. Cardwell, an English sculptor, has been one of the many sufferers by the dreadful inundation in the Christmas week of 1870. The waters rose many feet in his studio, which is near the Tiber. He himself escaped by a ladder, but his creations were unavoidably left to the mercy of the flood, which completely destroyed his sketches, broke and covered his casts with mud, and possessed force sufficient to float his marble busts. 'A Roman Girl, from Memory,' and others, from their pedestals. His fine group of 'The Good Samaritan' in plaster, was dashed down and broken in several pieces. The studio, in which large firs are kept constantly burning, is again restored to a certain degree of order. 'The Good Samaritan' renews his merciful offices to the wayfaring man who fell among thieves. Master Crichtley, a lad in Highland costume, sits with his faithful dog by his side, perfectly spotless, as if he had never been engulfed in the muddy seething waters; and 'The Wounded Stag,' 'The Greyhounds at Play,' and 'The Hunter,' who is blowing his horn at the death—three wonderfully-living groups in bronze—are also scathless.

### ART-UNION OF LONDON.

THE Report read at the thirty-fifth annual meeting of the Society, on the 25th of April, shows a small diminution in the number of subscribers during the year. This is, possibly attributable to the general unsettled state of political and commercial affairs, consequent on the war in France, which, originating with opposing nations, seems now to have become a protracted internecine strife, fatal to the land wherein it rages.

We have no space, so many subjects are pressing upon our pages this month, to give any detailed notice of the various topics mentioned in the Report; we find, however, the receipts and expenditure of the year to be:—

Amount of subscriptions.....	£10,171 7 0
Allotted for prizes.....	£5,040 0 0
For print of the year, almanack, report, &c., and reserve.....	2,681 8 10
Agents, commission, and charges, advertisement, postage, &c.....	7,721 2 10
	9,450 4 2
	£10,171 7 0

The sum available for the purchase of works of Art was thus allotted:—22 works at £10 each; 20 at £15 each; 13 at £20 each; 12 at £25 each; 10 at £30 each; 10 at £35 each; 6 at £40 each; 6 at £45 each; 4 at £50 each; 3 at £60 each; 2 at £75 each; 2 at £100 each; 2 at £150 each; 1 work at £200. There were distributed: 10 bronze vases; 300 chromolithographs of 'Bellagio,' after Birket Foster; 150 chromolithographs, 'Kite-flying,' also from a drawing by the same artist; 100 busts of the Princess Louise; 30 silver medals of C. R. Leslie, R.A. Thus, with the parian busts given to all who have subscribed for ten years consecutively without gaining a prize, the total number of prizes was 853, in addition to the engraving given to every member.

There have been since the last annual meeting some changes in the governing body of the Society. The death of Dr. Alford, Dean of Canterbury, created a vacancy in the list of vice-presidents; this has been filled by the election of Dr. Stanley, Dean of Westminster. The death of Mr. T. G. Sambrooke, and the retirement of Alderman Wilson and Mr. J. Henderson, left three vacancies in the council: two of these have been supplied by the nomination of Messrs. C. J. Leaf and R. N. Wornum.

At the drawing for the prizes, that of the value of £200 fell to Mr. H. Stewart, of Hendon; those of £150 each respectively to Mr. W. Reeve, Douglas Street, Vincent Square, and Mr. F. L. James, of Yokohama; those of £100 each to Mrs. Bushby, Oxford Street, and Mr. R. J. Hodgson, Gray's Inn Road; and those of £75 each to Captain Lawrence, Great St. Helens, and Mr. J. Nobes, of Merton. As on former occasions, so also on this, it is interesting to see how British Art, by means of the Art-Union of London, finds its way into almost every quarter of the world, however remote. One of the great prizes, as just stated, goes to Yokohama; others will have to be transmitted to a variety of places in the United States and Canada; to Port Mado, Geelong, Adelaide, Melbourne, Porto Rico, Port Elizabeth, Victoria, Christiania, Smyrna, Bangalore, Barcelona, Peru, Constantinople, Canterbury, N.Z., Ballarat, &c., &c.

### SELECTED PICTURES.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

#### THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

Gabe, Painter. S. S. Smith, Engraver. THIS is the work of a foreign painter, concerning whom we have been quite unable to glean any tidings, except to learn that he is not now living. There is evidence of much true taste and poetic feeling in this simple composition: seated on the shaft of a large fluted column, which, with the massive Corinthian capital, might have been, in long past ages, a portion of a magnificent temple, is a young girl who has woven a chaplet of flowers to do honour to the Virgin, whose figure, it may be supposed, is visible in the wayside cross. Her brother, a juvenile *pifferaro* of the genuine Savoyard type, is playing a hymn on his shrill pipe, while his companion seems to be silently uttering an *Ave Maria*. We have often seen what may be called "wayside devotion" treated by painters of most countries, but never more pleasantly and poetically than we find it here; and certainly, never with so great originality: even the grand fragments of old architecture are made striking accessories in the composition.

The picture, as the manner in which it is engraved shows, is painted in a broad and somewhat dashing manner: it is very rich in colour; the warm hues of an Italian evening being heightened by the brilliant tints of the groups of flowers.

### THE WORKS OF OLD MASTERS

EXHIBITED BY THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB.

AN interesting and valuable contribution to the season's exhibitions has been made by the Burlington Fine Arts Club, at their house in Saville Row. The catalogue numbers only eighty-two pictures, which represent certain schools as satisfactorily as can be expected by a collection so limited. The contributors are the Marquis of Westminster, Lady Eastlake, Mr. Seymour Haden, Mr. Wynn Ellis, Mr. H. Vaughan, Mr. Alexander Barker, Mr. Alfred Morrison, &c. At the west end of the gallery hangs a well-known 'Holy Family,' by Raffaele, from the Westminster collection, which it would have been desirable to see hung lower and better lighted. Below this is a very remarkable work, by Giovanni Bellini, called 'The Virgin and Child surrounded by Four Saints with the Donator,' a fine example of both the labour and the spirit of that early period. Another 'Virgin and Child with St. Catherine,' by Van Dyck, suggests a course of thought entirely different from the promptings of the two just mentioned. It would almost seem by the rich *impasto* of the child, that Rubens had worked on this picture; the St. Catherine is that lady whom we all know so well as prominent in Rubens' large pictures in the National Gallery.

By Rembrandt are two admirable figures—'Portrait of a Man with a Hawk' and 'Portrait of a Lady with a Fan,' in reference to which, and to the works of Rembrandt generally, we suggest that the word *portrait* be entirely dismissed in cases where the names of the persons represented are unknown, because the exalted pictorial qualities of these works remove them beyond the pale of portraiture. Between these pictures is a noble 'Landscape—Caves in the distance,' by P. de Koning; and facing that is the yet grander 'Hay Wain,' by Constable, for which he received the French gold medal in 1825.

*Après* of wooded scenery, is by rare Minder Hobbema, 'A Forest Scene,' the figures by John Linglebach; also a 'Forest Scene, with Cottages,' produced under the same bond of partnership. Consorting with these are two pictures, by Old Crome, who is not sufficiently esteemed as one of the originators of our school.

We turn to a 'Landscape—Morning—Shepherds with their Flocks,' by Claude Lorraine, a grand composition, which he committed a grave error in associating with anything pastoral—the material being epic. Other works by Claude are, 'Landscape,' 'The Israelites shipping the Golden Calf,' 'Landscape—Evening,' 'The Decline of the Roman Empire,' &c. A 'Portrait of Lady Ormonde and Child,' by Sir Joshua Reynolds, is a charming group; and let us hasten to signalise the fact, in admirable preservation. But more brilliant than this is 'Henrietta, Countess of Grosvenor,' by Gainsborough, not unworthy of being esteemed perhaps the brightest gem in Gainsborough's starry diadem. In the gallery also are 'St. Mark' and 'St. Sebastian,' by Giovanni Battista Cima; 'Virgin and Child,' Van Eyck; a 'Holy Family,' Paul Veronese; 'St. John with the Lamb,' Murillo; 'Two Boy-Angels,' and 'The Dismissal of Hagar,' Rubens; 'The Distressed Poet,' Hogarth; 'Landscape with Castle,' and 'Horses and Dog,' Cuyp; 'An Interior,' Gerard Dow; 'The Mouth of the Thames,' Turner, &c. In one of the other rooms are two portraits by Reynolds—the somewhat undignified likeness of Colonel Tarleton, and that of Mrs. Matthews; the draperies of which are very carefully painted, and do not look like Sir Joshua's work. By Guido, is 'The Daughter of Herodias,' a pale, sibyl-like head and bust, with the head of the Baptist in the charger. The selection is not without instances of the curiosities of Art, as 'The Five Wise Virgins' and 'The Five Foolish Virgins,' by Carmona, as also other examples of different schools and periods by Lorenzo di Credi, Canaletti, Berghem, Prout, Nasmyth, Botticelli (several very interesting, and in excellent condition), Raeburn, Poussin, &c. So choice are the pictures generally that they constitute the selection a desirable study.





GABE. PINXT

S.S. SMITH. SCULPT

THE CHILDREN'S OFFERING.

FROM THE PICTURE IN THE POSSESSION OF THE PUBLISHERS.

LONDON. VIRTUE & CO





## THE WORKS OF MADAME JERICHAU.

THE paintings of this lady command attention, as they are marked by characteristics which are by no means common to woman's work. They are exhibited at 142, New Bond Street, and are few in number. A single glance at them, nay, even at one of them, teaches us that Madame Jerichau thinks and moves only in obedience to the purest strain of academic inspiration. The high and low life of her country, Denmark, are as rich in social situations and picturesque costume as those of any other European nation; but she does not yield to fascinations against which the majority of female artists are not proof. We do not therefore find any of the common episodes of social life—no allusions to tender relations between the sexes—little to stir the emotions in sympathetic accord with distress, or touch the heart by a narrative of affliction. This lady is impelled upwards into the epic vein by her tastes and feelings, and, at the same time, is more pronouncedly ethnological than perhaps any artist of the day. There is, however, one tie which her woman's heart acknowledges, and that is a love of children; at least we thus read the many studies she has so successfully endowed with the natural graces of childhood. Notwithstanding, however, the element that gives a masculine quality to Madame Jerichau's works, there are yet examples which show us she has the power of working up to the utmost refinement of feminine beauty. We instance her portrait of the Queen of Greece, wherein appear the utmost delicacy of treatment and brilliancy of colour. It is a head and bust, very simple and without any type of royalty, but so entirely different from all else around it, that its execution would never be assigned to the same hand as the others.

The most important of this lady's works, as seen here, is a design for a large oil-picture, or fresco. It is called 'The Valkyrie,' and is founded on one of the wild legends of the Norse mythology. The Valkyries were the tutelary spirits of the Norse warriors, each of whom was attended in battle by a Valkyrie, who, although invisible during the conflict, was constantly by his side, prepared to transport him to Valhalla the moment he fell, and there to act as his cup-bearer for ever. The cartoon represents a battle-scene, with Valkyries mounted on horses wild and weird, and well-befitting such a scene and such a story. The drawing is wonderfully spirited, and the composition would tell powerfully as a fresco. 'The Favourite of the Harem,' an oil-picture, declares itself at once a veritable study from Oriental life. All attempts at the improvisation of Harem beauty by painters and poets have been very wide of the truth, as we learn from this and all other genuine representations of so-called eastern beauty. There are several pictures of eastern women: what is most valuable in them is their indisputable nationality, which is brought forward without any modification or dalliance with conventional prettiness of feature. The subjects principally are of the size of life. 'La Penserosa,' a tambourine-girl of Italian characteristics, is resting in a reflective attitude, which, together with the expression of the face, sustains well the title. 'Homeless,' another single figure, shows a girl exposed to the inclemency of the winter sky; and the diverse and appropriate language of the features in these two pictures is the result of study in that direction which yields the veritable triumphs of painting. Again 'Helena, a young maiden from Hymettos,' affords evidence of independent thought. In this figure the artist might have yielded to the fascinations of the Greek facial line supported by classic and Academic authority, but she proposes nothing less than a Helen of a type distinctly modern and individual. In the background is the eastern side of the Acropolis, and one of the thirteen pillars of the temple of Jupiter. There are also one or two female studies of Fellaheen, in which truth and genuine nationality prevail over poets' dreams of matchless hours and peerless Egyptian maids. But Madame Jerichau's love of children as shown in her works is remarkable—she

paints them as she loves them, that is, with an earnest and warm devotion, as appears in 'O Sanctissima!' 'Corn Flowers,' 'Little Carin,' and others.

In addition to these are works which we cannot find room even to name here; but we cannot avoid mentioning two charming sculptures by Professor Jerichau, one called 'Love Triumphant,' a figure worked out in the round; the other a group of three nymphs dancing—a composition in high relief, to which the highest compliment that can be paid is to say that it has so much grace and beauty as not to be unworthy of Thorwaldsen, his master.

## RAFFAELLE'S 'MADONNA DEL LIBRO.'

A CURIOUS story relative to this famous picture is reported from Florence. The work received its title from the Virgin holding a book in her hand, which the infant Jesus, who is seated in her lap, also holds, as if in the act of reading it: an outline engraving of the picture is given, with many others from Raffaele's designs, in Kugler's 'Handbook of Schools of Painting in Italy.' It is a comparatively small circular work, which has long been in the family of Count Connestabile of Perugia. Rumours lately became current that negotiations were on foot for its disposal, and that it was destined to leave the country. The Italians appear now to have become sensible of the importance of retaining in their possession the works of their great painters, and public opinion was greatly excited by the prospect of losing so valuable a gem as this. Signor Massari, a member of the Italian Chamber, undertook to bring the matter before the assembly; and Signor Correnti, Minister of Public Instruction, taking advantage, as he frankly admitted, of some old Papal law still remaining unrepealed, laid an embargo on the picture, as soon as he heard it was to be removed to Rome to be sold, with others. Its owner, the present Count Connestabile, assuming, as he naturally would, that he had a right to do as he pleased with his own property, brought an action against the government, and obtained a verdict in his favour. The minister carried the case into a higher court, and lost it again: he then lodged an appeal against the sentence, and was once more nonsuited. His next step was to procure from the Count a promise that he would not absolutely sell the picture without first informing the government. The promise was kept, for as soon as he received an offer of the large sum of £12,400 for it, from a Russian agent, he made the minister acquainted with it. Signor Correnti called his colleagues together, and asked them to help him out of the difficulty at once, for the bargain with the agent was to be accepted or rejected by the Count within twenty-four hours. The object of the deliberation was, of course, to outbid the former, but after an inspection of the coffers from which the required sum was, as they hoped, to be supplied, the idea was given up in despair, and the 'Madonna del Libro' is reported to be now in St. Petersburg; a present, it is said, from the Empress of Prussia, the real purchaser, to the Emperor. Such is the story as it reaches us through one of the daily journals, whose correspondent in Florence intimates that Signor Correnti has announced his intention of bringing forward a bill to compel, in the future, owners of works of Art desirous of parting with them, to give the government the right of purchase in the first instance.

## OBITUARY.

FELIX CLAUDE THEODORE ALIGNY.

WE find in our contemporary the *Athenaeum* a report of the death of this painter, on the 25th of February, at Lyons, where he held the office of Director of the *Ecole des Beaux Arts*. The notice states that M. Aligny was born at Chaumes, in La Nièvre, in January, 1798: ten years afterwards he arrived in Paris, and, though very young, was placed in the studio of Jean Baptiste Regnault, the historical painter. He must, however, have continued there but a short time, for Regnault died in 1809. It is possible that the decease of the latter may have changed the character of Aligny's Art-tendencies, if at that early age they can be said to have had any fixed determination; but the *Athenaeum* says,—"Finding his powers more happily directed to studies of landscape than to those of figures, he took lessons of Watelet, from whose instruction he profited greatly, but whose influence was not marked on his Art except, it may be, by the production of an opposite. Watelet was a naturalist, as then understood, which is not quite the same thing as what we now call a realistic painter, while Aligny affected the grandiose modes of Poussin, and the quasi-classical phase of Art which obtained such great but short-lived favour in his hands. Aligny was no copyist of Poussin, but a very noble and expressive artist, working in the vein Poussin may be said to have discovered. His first picture, 'Daphnis and Chloe,' was exhibited in 1822. The *Salons* of 1828, 1831, ('Massacre of the Druids'), 1833, 1834, and following years, attracted great attention in Europe, and especially in France, then living under the Art-influence of a severe school. In 1837 appeared his 'Prometheus,' which is now in the Luxembourg, and recalls the magnificent 'Polyphemus' of Poussin." Aligny's subsequent works were 'The Roman Campagna,' (1839); 'The Good Samaritan,' (1846); 'Saul Consulting the Witch of Endor,' 'Magdalene in the Desert,' 'The Shepherds of Virgil,' (1841); 'Hercules with the Lernean Hydra,' (1842); 'Tivoli,' 'La Riccia,' 'Civitella,' 'The Gulf of Naples,' 'Salerno,' 'Solitude,' 'The Infant Bacchus,' (1848); 'Episode in the Revolt of the Gauls,' (1855); and 'The Defeat of Duguesclin,' painted in 1841, and now in the gallery of Versailles.

"Aligny painted many of the well-beloved and romantic scenes in the Forest of Fontainebleau; for example, 'La Gorge aux Loups,' and 'Le Long Rocher.'" His 'View of Genazzano, Environs of Rome,' and 'View of Royat, France,' both belonging to the French government, were sent over to our International Exhibition of 1862 by the ex-Emperor Louis Napoleon; they appear in the catalogue under the name of Théodore Carnelle d'Aligny, that by which he was generally known.

As a designer his compositions, "apart from those he painted, are very grand in their motives, dignified in their expression, firmly and severely executed." He etched numerous plates, the chief being a series of ten views of historic sites in Greece, published in 1845. He obtained a medal of the second class in 1831, one of the first class in 1837, and the decoration of the Legion of Honour in 1842.

ANTONIO PORCELLI.

The death of Antonio Porcelli has deprived Rome of one of her most original and animated painters. He distinguished



himself equally in landscape and in figures, emulating in the latter the Flemish painters—whom, however, he surpassed in idealism. Among his more notable works may be mentioned one in the possession of M. Rothschild; it represents the concourse of people at the fountain 'Dell' Aqua Autosa' close to the Flaminian Way; 'The Cobbler's Monday,' purchased by the Emperor of Russia ere he came to the throne, reproduces with the most sparkling vivacity a scene of common life peculiar to Rome. The picture of the Carnival of Rome, as seen in the Piazza Colonna, is an equally interesting representation of Roman life: its numerous figures in endless variety of costume, and disposed in charming groups, bring before the eyes the animated scene, with its merry crowd listening to the delicate allusions and sportive wit by which the Roman masqueraders are distinguished. 'The White Lady,' 'The Scottish Puritans,' and 'The Black Dwarf,' of Sir Walter Scott; the 'Scribe of Piazza Montanara,' 'The Return from the Chase,' 'The Toppers,' 'The Sepulchre of the Vice-Regents, in the Pine-Wood at Ravenna,' and many other oil-paintings, besides numerous water-colours and drawings, display a mind wholly absorbed in the loveliness of Nature, and the sublimity of Art. In the International Exhibition of 1862 were two oil-pictures by this artist,—'The Pine Forest of Ravenna,' and 'Reminiscences of the Flemish School.'

Signor Porcellidied on the 13th December, 1870, at the age of seventy.

#### FREDERICK TREVELYAN GOODALL.

The unfortunate circumstance that caused the death of this young artist, at Capri, on the 11th of April, has been made known to the public through the daily papers; and we need not dilate upon it. The eldest son of Mr. F. Goodall, R.A., he had already given ample proof of talents that promised, in a remarkable manner, to sustain the reputation which this family of artists has so long enjoyed. The works exhibited by him at the Royal Academy during the last three years, and especially 'The Return of Ulysses,' one of the pictures of 1870, led us to regard him among the rising young men whom time and study must eventually have elevated to a high position. His premature death, at the early age of twenty-three, is not only a heavy affliction to his family, but a loss to Art.

#### MRS. PEARSON.

This lady, who died on the 15th of April, at the age of seventy-two, had also long since passed away, as an artist, from the memory of the present generation; but there was a time when her portrait-painting was held in high esteem both for its fidelity and execution. Her maiden name was Dutton, but in the Art-world she was known as Mrs. Pearson. She survived her husband, the late Mr. Charles Pearson, M.P. and City Solicitor, several years. We look back to the long-ago time when this accomplished lady was admired for her personal loveliness, as much as for her talent and winning sweetness of manner; the latter remained with her to the end of her gentle life: she was loved and respected not only by her home-circle, but by all who knew her. Mrs. Pearson's latter years were passed at the residence of her son-in-law, Sir Thomas Gabriel, whose year of office, when Lord Mayor of London, was marked by unwonted courtesies shown to artists and men of literature and science.

#### ALMA TADEMA'S 'VINTAGE.'

ALTHOUGH we have already noticed this remarkable work, now being exhibited at Messrs. Pilgeram and Lefevre, at 12, King Street, St. James's, it is our duty to recur to it. It is a picture, of which the title would lead one to imagine the portrayal of vine-clad slopes, with picturesque semi-nudities plucking the purple fruit, but in M. Tadema's 'Vintage' we have a very different scene. We see a scholarly and graphic representation of heathen thanksgivings for a successful wine-making season. The scene is laid in a sumptuous Bacchic Temple in ancient Rome. An altar dedicated to the God of Wine occupies the centre of the composition, past which is moving a procession. It is led by a beautiful priestess, wearing the auburn tresses that we have so much reason to believe the dark-browed Roman ladies peculiarly affected; next come the minstrels, three graceful and elegantly clad maidens playing the double pipe; a bevy of laughing dancing-girls follow, wildly beating their timbrels; then priests stalk along, bearing in their brawny arms earthenware jars filled with the year's vintage; the remainder of the procession is as yet behind the scenes. In the court of the temple are seen more dancers and timbrel-players of both sexes, who seem very decidedly inspired by the god they have come to honour.

The picture is throughout indescribably beautiful and interesting; the drawing, save in the case of one or two hands and wrists, almost faultless; the composition also is most masterly; but the chief, the overpowering quality of the work—the quality that throws into the background all others—is its intense realism, a realism that we cannot believe to be merely the result of the diligent perusal of the pages of Tacitus and other authors of Casarean times, or researches in architectural and other antiquities; although all this is, of course, absolutely necessary to convey the appearance of truth, to show "the very age and body of the time, its form and pressure;" yet the realistic feature of M. Tadema's Art seems the outward and visible sign of a similarity in mind, a congeniality in spirit with those who led the taste of Imperial Rome. As Mr. Poynter is imbued with the prevailing characteristics of the ancient worshippers of Isis and Osiris, their manners and customs, their dwellings and temples; as Mr. Marks is with regard to mediævalism; so is M. Tadema with the now faded glories of the city on the seven hills. The English painters just named are so one in thought with the particular periods they have chosen to illustrate, that they can hardly go very far wrong in any accessories they may introduce in cases where it would be perhaps impossible to find historical or antiquarian warrant for the introduction of a certain vessel or article of furniture, yet it will generally be proved that such is in strict character with their period. Thus M. Tadema in the matter, for instance, of the woollen and other fabrics of diverse and eccentrically figured patterns delineated in the subject of this notice, must necessarily have drawn upon his imagination to supply the want of actual authorities in this respect; yet what an utter absence of incongruity! the most fastidious classicist, we think, would be at a loss to find a point that is out of harmony with the rest. This realism is by no means confined to particular objects, it pervades the entire composition, the very atmosphere seems charged with the luxuries, the vices, the extravagance, and the heartlessness of the capital of the world. It is, perhaps, a question whether the ornamental and antiquarian elements are not brought rather too prominently forward; we feel inclined more to study the bronze tripod on the altar, the richly chased silver cups, &c., than the main business of the picture. What says a celebrated English authority on this subject? "The ornamental style will be used with far better effect if its principles are employed in softening the harshness and mitigating the rigour of the great style, than if it attempt to stand forward with any pretensions of its own to positive and original excellence."

We observe in this picture some really marvellous bits of painting: witness the large jar of red

earthenware in front of the altar, and the two smaller *amphoræ* borne by the priests; these are rendered with a fidelity that is absolutely startling. But M. Tadema is pre-eminently the painter of marble; the marble pavement and the ornate veined columns would almost put to shame the substance simulated; in fact the soft creamy tone that this practice begets has operated rather unfavourably on his figures, which bear too much the appearance of tinted marble statues, magnificently carved, but still statues; and, moreover, we fear that this effect is not counteracted by sufficient evidence of that indescribable essence of real breathing life that M. Gérôme knows so well how to convey.

The picture is to be engraved by Auguste Blanchard, and we wish every success to the undertaking. If the print shows a favourable comparison with the painting, and there can be but little doubt of this, the possessor of the engraving will have ample reason to be satisfied with what he has acquired.

#### PICTURE SALES.

THE fine collection of water-colour drawings, and of oil-pictures both ancient and modern, belonging to Mr. Brooks, of the St. James's Gallery, Regent Street, was sold by Messrs. Christie, Manson, and Woods, on the 29th of April and the 1st of May. We gave a description of the major part of these works in our number for April last.

The modern drawings and oil-paintings, 135 in number, were sold on the first day, and realised £20,750. Of the former may be noted,—'The Challenge,' and 'The Match,' a pair, by L. Haghe, representing the interior of an ancient guard-house, with soldiers at cards, 200 gs. (Permain); 'North End, Hampstead,' going milking, and 'Returning from Milking,' a pair by J. Linnell, Sen., 210 gs. (Baker); 'Morning,' and 'Evening,' also a pair by the same artist, 445 gs. (Wetherell); 'The Empress Eugénie receiving a Deputation in front of the Town Hall at Nancy,' Meissonier, a comparatively small drawing in Indian ink, executed by command of the Emperor Napoleon III., fetched the enormous sum of 440 gs. (Martin).

The oil-pictures included,—'A River Scene,' with a peasant and a cow, and 'A woody Landscape,' both by P. Nasmyth, 200 gs. (Agnew); 'The Wood-cutters,' J. Linnell, Sen., 750 gs. (Morby); 'Scene from the Vicar of Wakefield,' M. Anthony, 250 gs. (Marks); 'The Mountain-Track,' J. Linnell, Sen., 800 gs. (Walter); 'The Gamekeeper's Daughter,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 330 gs. (Wilson); 'The Reapers,' James T. Linnell, 640 gs. (Bennett); 'A Scene in North Wales,' F. R. Lee, R.A., with animals by T. S. Cooper, R.A., 280 gs. (Eastwood); 'Mountain Shepherds,' J. Linnell, Sen., 850 gs. (Paget); this fine picture has been engraved for the *Art-Journal*, and will be published ere very long; 'The Old Brocade,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 380 gs. (White); 'A Scene from Woodstock,' W. Holman Hunt, 185 gs. (Eastwood); 'Counting the Cost,' W. Oliver, 185 gs. (Morrison); 'Redstone Wood,' J. Linnell, Sen., 410 gs. (Cox); 'Bothered with the Change,' and 'Something to Keep the Cold out,' both by E. Nicol, A.R.A., 280 gs. (Wetherell); 'The Timber Waggon,' J. Linnell, Sen., 850 gs. (Lewis); 'On the River Brent,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., an early and comparatively small picture, but of exquisite feeling, 580 gs. (Cox); 'The First Introduction of Christianity among the Welsh, by Bran, the Cymric Bard,' W. Linnell, 460 gs. (Ellis); 'Brighton in the Season,' J. Webb, a picture of very large dimensions, now being engraved, 475 gs. (Murray); 'Open Country,' James T. Linnell, 705 gs. (Eastwood); 'Auld Mare Maggie,' J. Faed, R.S.A., 750 gs. (Eastwood); 'The Happy Days of Charles I.,' F. Goodall, R.A., a small replica of the well-known large picture, 275 gs. (Eastwood); 'Setting up'—sheaves, J. Linnell, Sen., 890 gs. (Miller); 'Christ bearing the Cross,' Sir J. Noel Paton, R.S.A., the fine gallery-picture for which, in conjunction with his 'Reconciliation of Oberon and Titania'—purchased at the time



by the Royal Scottish Academy,—the artist received the prize of 300 guineas when exhibited in Westminster Hall, in 1847, 900 gs. (Wright).

It will be observed that the collection was very rich in works by the Linnells, father and sons, and that they realised large prices: most of them were painted expressly for Mr. Brooks.

The pictures by old masters, including three or four by painters of the early English school, numbered 44; they were sold on the second day. Of these the principal were:—'The Madonna and Child,' Murillo, 100 gs. (Radcliffe); 'The Melton Oak,' Crome, 175 gs. (Daniell); 'Psyche,' and 'Head of a Girl,' a pair by Greuze, 375 gs. (Wilson); 'Master Coke as Young Hannibal,' Sir J. Reynolds, 380 gs. (Cassells); 'Interior—the Duet,' Gonzales Coques, 240 gs. (Wardell); 'Italian Landscape,' with Muleteers on a road, J. and A. Both, 475 gs. (Nicholls); 'Italian Landscape,' with a shepherdess, a hurdy-gurdy player, and cattle, P. Berghem, 455 gs. (Nicholls); 'Flora,' the celebrated engraved picture by Greuze, formerly in the Demidoff Collection, at the sale of which in Paris last year, it was knocked down for £720, now realised 770 gs. (T. Davis); 'Sportsmen halting at a Village-Inn, a scene in the Isle of Wight,' G. Morland, 375 gs. (Matthews). The second day's sale reached the amount of £6,195: the total sum realised being £26,945.

On the 6th of May Messrs. Christie and Co. sold a number of water-colour drawings and paintings in oil, the property of the late Mr. T. Agnew, of Manchester, and of other owners. The following works may be noted as of primary importance. *Water-colours*:—'Black Grapes and Plums,' W. Hunt, £43 (Bale); 'Peaches, Muscats, and Strawberries,' W. Hunt, £43 (Kirlaw); an album containing ninety-three drawings by early water-colour painters, D. Cox, Crisall, Edridge, Prout, Varley, and others, £96 (Grindlay); 'Llangollen,' D. Cox, £54 (Fuller); 'Interior of a Gothic Church,' S. Prout, £48 (Tooth); 'Old Buildings on the Moselle,' £53 (White); 'Mendicants at a Church Porch, Seville,' E. Lundgren, £48 (Tooth); 'Harvest,' J. Linnell, £111 (Mendoza).

*Oil Pictures*:—'Lago Maggiore,' J. B. Pyne, £106 (Pocock); 'Windermere,' J. B. Pyne, £127 (James); 'Lago Maggiore, with the Borromean Islands,' J. B. Pyne, £122 (Mendoza); 'Council of War in the Crimea,' containing portraits of Lord Raglan, Marshal Pelissier, and Omar Pasha, by A. L. Egg, R.A., £96 (Sir W. Codrington); 'The Disenchantment of Bottom,' and 'The Reconciliation of Oberon with Titania,' D. Maclise, R.A., £162 (Ward); 'Bohemian Gipsies,' D. Maclise, R.A., £420 (Muirhead); 'Innocence,' Gainsborough, £31 (Trant); 'The Burial of John Hampden,' P. H. Calderon, R.A., engraved in the *Art-Journal* of last year, £252 (James); 'Moorland Shepherds,' W. Linnell, £189 (Bourne); 'A Shooting Pony,' £157 (Agnew); 'A Favourite Hack,' £157 (Agnew); 'Scene in the Highlands,' with portraits of the Duchess of Bedford, Duke of Gordon, and Lord A. Russell, £1,333 (Ward); these three pictures are by Sir E. Landseer, R.A., and were painted for the late Duke of Gordon; the first and second in 1825, the third in 1828. 'Ophelia,' E. Delacroix, £420 (Maclean); 'An Italian Pifferaro,' Gérôme, £127 (Agnew); 'Peasant-Women of the Campagna,' Gérôme, £127 (Agnew); 'La Petite Laitière,' E. Frère, £73 (Agnew); 'Light and Darkness,' G. Smith, £253 (Tooth); 'Portrait of Admiral Lord Anson,' Sir J. Reynolds, engraved, £199 (Graves); 'Scene from Sterne's *Sentimental Journey*,' W. P. Frith, R.A., £562 (Ward); 'The Rape of Europa,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., £309 (Cassells); 'Falls of the Clyde,' J. M. W. Turner, R.A., £357 (Campbell); 'The Empty Sleeve,' G. D. Leslie, A.R.A., £222 (Mendoza); 'The Zuyder Zee—Fishing-boats returning to Port,' £92 (Permain); 'The Battle of Naseby,' J. Gilbert, £126 (Agnew); 'In Memoriam,' W. T. C. Dobson, A.R.A., £162 (Bourne); 'Christ disputing with the Doctors,' W. J. C. Dobson, £262 (Bourne); 'The Gentle Student,' J. Phillip, R.A., £199 (Vokins); 'A Snow Scene,' W. Müller, £73. (Mendoza).

## ART IN SCOTLAND, IRELAND, AND THE PROVINCES.

EDINBURGH.—*Scottish National Prince Consort Memorial*. This work is now rapidly approaching completion; the equestrian statue of the Prince is receiving the final touches from Mr. Steel, and the last of the representative groups is at present being cast in bronze at Mr. Steel's own foundry. This group is intended to represent "Literature and the Fine Arts," and is the second group that has been executed by the same sculptor, Mr. D. W. Stevenson, the first being representative of "Labour," a notice of which appeared in the *Art-Journal* about a year ago. "Literature" is represented by a venerable professor in academic robes, who, pointing with one hand to the prince, with the other leads forward a youth to pay homage to one who has done so much for both Literature and the Fine Arts; the youth bears a wreath in his hand, and is so absorbed in the story which has been told, and in looking at the prince, that he has not placed the tribute, as the "artist"—the companion-figure on the opposite side—has done. The action of these two figures is lifelike, and the skilful manipulation of the drapery is especially noticeable. The "Fine Arts" is represented by a young artist who carries in one hand a portfolio, with other artists' insignia, while with the other he places a wreath of olive on the monument. The action of the artist is at once easy and dignified, and expresses the spontaneity of feeling by which he is apparently actuated. If the Committee of Management could only agree about the site, the inauguration of the memorial might be looked for at no distant date.

DUBLIN.—Mr. James Butler Brennan, of Cork, has been elected a member of the Royal Hibernian Academy, of which he had for some time been an associate. Mr. Brennan is a painter of portraits and *genre* subjects, which find much favour with the Art-critics of Ireland.

BIRMINGHAM.—It is reported that a gentleman of this large and wealthy borough, desirous to promote the intellectual culture and enjoyment of the inhabitants, has offered to give the liberal sum of £3,000, as the nucleus of a fund for investment to purchase pictures for public exhibition in Birmingham. The announcement, as we read it, leaves a doubt as to whether these pictures are to become the property of the town, as it may reasonably be presumed they are intended to be, forming a local picture-gallery.

LICHFIELD.—A recent number of the *Builder* notices the discovery of an ancient wall-painting in the Cathedral of this city,—at the east end of the south side of the choral aisle, a portion of the edifice which is presumed to have been a chapel dedicated to St. Chad. "The existence of other illuminations in the immediate vicinity of the picture would fix it as a specimen of the art of the thirteenth century. The subject is the Crucifixion, the centre figure being Christ upon the Cross. The groundwork is of a greenish tint, studded with white stars. The predominating colour of the drapery of the figures is a lightish red, the Cross also being of that colour. In some of its details the painting is curious, if not grotesque. An inscription in doubtful characters can be traced on the wreath."

LIVERPOOL.—At a somewhat recent meeting of the Liverpool Architectural and Archaeological Society, Mr. S. Huggins read a paper on "The so-called Restoration of our Cathedral and Abbey Churches," in which he strongly denounced the practices generally employed in such works, and more especially that which deprives the edifices of their ancient picturesque character. "I would protest," he says, "against any kind of restoration that removes the old face, which, in every instance in our climate, must be more beautiful by the cosmetics of nature than it ever was in its prime." Mr. Huggins does not, however, object to supply in partially ruinous buildings the features or parts absolutely destroyed, nor to repair mutilations produced by accident or violence; but if more than these are required, he would "let them alone," to stand, in their gradual decay, as monuments of the

glories of the old builders—"the architectural embodiments of a form of worship of other days;" and would transfer the services of our church to new edifices, "exactly adapted to the Protestant worship; a course by which we should have, in each case, two cathedrals." From an æsthetic point of view the alternative is favourable: but we expect these are not the times when utility can afford to give place to the demands of the mere picturesque.

NORWICH.—The exhibition of the Norwich Fine Arts Association will this year be held in connection with the Norfolk Industrial Exhibition in St. Andrew's Hall, Norwich.

## SCHOOLS OF ART.

FARNHAM.—A school was opened in this town on the 18th of April, when Mr. W. Cave Thomas delivered an address on subjects entitled, "To what end should we study Art?" and "The Importance of Drawing and Music in Education." The establishment of the school is, we understand, chiefly due to the exertions of Colonel and Miss Luard, residents in the neighbourhood.

GREAT YARMOUTH.—An exhibition of the drawings executed by the pupils in this school, was opened a short time since in their rooms on South Quay. The number of works was not large, but it included several of good promise.

## ART IN CONTINENTAL STATES.

CHILE.—The subscriptions for a statue in honour of the late Earl of Dundonald, more popularly known as Lord Cochrane, and to which we referred more than a year ago, have now reached the sum of two thousand pounds. The work is to be executed in England: both Santiago and Valparaiso have been named as the city in which it is to be erected. This point, however, is not yet determined, we believe.

FANO.—A famous picture by Domenichino, called 'David, the Conqueror of Goliath,' that hung in the gallery of the Collegio Nolfi, is reported to have been cut out of its frame, on the 25th of March, and carried away: no trace of it has yet been discovered.

FLORENCE.—The Etruscan vases, and the collection of Roman remains, small sarcophagi and inscriptions, have been removed from the passages between the Galleries to the Egyptian Museum (the suppressed convent of St. Onofrio, which contains the Cenacolo ascribed to Raffaele), and the walls are being covered with the finest old engravings and etchings of the Italian and German schools. Criticism is premature. Mark Antonio and Albert Durer are already there, and others of equal note will soon follow; but the first thing which strikes the eye is a bold design by Beccafumi, 'The Sacrifice of Isaac,' for his very original work, the pavement of the cathedral of Siena.—M. Cabanel, the distinguished French painter, has sought a temporary refuge in Florence from the troubles in Paris, and has a villa and studio overlooking the town.

MADRAS.—The government of India has sanctioned the outlay of about 9,000 rupees to enable Dr. Hunter, Principal of the School of Art in Madras, to take castings, mouldings, and photographs of objects of antiquity in this Presidency.—The premium of 1,000 rupees, offered for the best design for a Memorial Fountain, in honour of the late Sir Herbert Edwardes, has been awarded to Mr. De Rebeck, Head-master of the School of Art at Jaipore, who had several competitors, some of whom sent in very meritorious designs. The one selected takes the form of a cupola, resting on traceried arches, which covers a white marble basin that receives a jet of water. The whole is surrounded by an open building of octagon shape.

MADRID.—The Spanish Government is reported to have decreed that an exhibition shall be held annually, in the month of October, of objects from which a selection is to be made for our International Exhibitions in London.



### THE STATUTE FAIR, BY JOHN FAED, R.S.A.

THE statute fair for the hiring of agricultural and other servants held periodically in Scotland, forms the subject of a picture by the above-named accomplished painter, which was, it appears, too late for reception at the Royal Academy, and is consequently exhibited at Mr. Brooks's Scotch Gallery, 48, Pall Mall. This is an important work, and we accept it in all its ethical significance, deeply impressed with the facts it sets before us, and those which present themselves inferentially. Mr. Faed has painted what he has seen, and hence all that he introduces assists his searching commentary on the rural statistics of Scotland. We cannot go minutely into the details of the work, we cannot accompany the painter through his discourse on progress and improvement, but we can glance down the vista of Scottish social literature during the last century, and acknowledge in its full force this protest against the reputed dominion of whisky at all popular assemblages.

But to turn to the immediate matter: the hideous feature of the past is represented only by a meagre and obscure allusion. On the extreme left of the picture is a burly female stall-keeper, with a display of fruit and sweets, but who, at the instance of a customer in search of a dram, produces a small bottle, much apparently to the annoyance of the man's wife or sweetheart, who remonstrates against this beginning, or continuance, of indulgence. The small size of the bottle is significant of the limited demand; moreover that which was formerly the towering spirit of these so-called merry-meetings has now become a hole-and-corner affair. In counterpoint to this, and prominently in the foreground, appears a comely and kindly old woman washing up her dinner-service of coques, luggies, and wooden spoons, after the full dispensation of it, may be, the contents of her kail-pot or her cockie leekie, or sheep's head broth, a form of the barley bree very different from that brewed from the famous peck of malt celebrated in one of Scotland's most popular songs. And do these wooden spoons mean nothing? Indeed they go largely into the account of progress, although they do not appear as a considerable item in national statistics illustrating a step in civilisation. Beside the old woman sits an aged man, representing a helpmate of many years gone by; and the relation of the venerable pair suggests that the artist has been working not merely from the prose of his country's history, but that, throughout, the characters appeal directly to impressive situations in Scottish song or sonnet. Near these are groups of girls come to be engaged, and looking very confident of good fortune; and near and around them are masters of different degrees of social standing, from those who themselves whistle at the plough to lairds of many broad acres—men whose faultless personal appointments would pass parade to-day in Pall Mall, who might enter White's or the Travellers unquestioned by a new porter—who look gravely impressed with the rise of wages and other mischiefs brought about by recent emigration.

Again, on the right, and standing with his back to us, is an admirable figure who may be a factor or a small agriculturist on his own account. He has evidently ridden some distance to the fair, having been pronounced "uncow braw" by his wife, and so dismissed for the day. He wears an upper covering of the May-fly tint, and netherwards a pair of black long shorts, buttoning about mid-leg, almost met by a pair of tight-laced ankle-boots finished with a pair of spurs. He evidently means business, and is talking to a girl like a domestic servant, who replies by banter to his offers of employment. The right is closed by show-vans, where the principal figurants are a clown and one or two musicians with trombones and trumpets, who invite us to ask the departing audience the character of the performance. These gentlemen issued on their provincial tour some months ago from the New Cut, Lambeth, the head quarters of open-air comedians, acrobats, nigger singers, punch-vandevillists, and all kinds of

professors of muscular Art. Indeed, look where we may, the supplementary element of the composition is thoughtfully and aptly administered; the by-play is wanting in nothing, and what we conceive to be the argument of the picture is never lost sight of; that is, the present condition of the bone and muscle of Scotland in comparison with the state of the same fifty years ago. None of the minor incidents of the picture escape us, they are numerous and interesting, but we have not space to describe them. All that can be said is that the picture is a well-considered and valuable essay on the present state of agricultural Scotland, and thus taking rank with the essays of Wilkie and John Phillip. It is proposed to reproduce the picture in Oleograph.

### ASIA.

FROM THE GROUP OF SCULPTURE BY  
J. H. FOLEY, R.A.

IN apportioning the various colossal groups of Sculpture, emblematic of the four quarters of the world, which are destined to adorn the Albert Memorial in Hyde Park, that of Asia was assigned to Mr. Foley, whose name is a guarantee for a work of genius whatever the nature of the subject he takes in hand: a noble group is the result.

The leading figure represents Asia, a beautiful female seated on a kneeling elephant, which appears to be in the act of rising, as the rider, with her jewelled armlets and necklace, throws off the veil that concealed her form, and holds it lightly in her fingers. The action and general pose of this figure are as true to nature as each is very elegant. The docility of the huge animal that bears her may be accepted as typifying the subjection of brute force to human intelligence. The supplementary figures, as they may be termed, are four, representative of those nations of the far east which contributed liberally to the first of our great International Exhibitions; namely, China, Persia, India, and Asiatic Turkey. The first of these appears on the left of the elephant's head; the characteristic type of his race is unmistakable in his features, while the jar he holds and that by his side indicate him an art-manufacturer, a producer of ceramic works. The Persian stands on the right: the pen in his hand and the volumes at his feet symbolise his occupation or profession—that of a poet, a phase of literature which has long held a conspicuous place in the traditions of the country. The other two figures, only partially visible in the engraving, represent respectively Asiatic Turkey, in the character of a merchant, who is surrounded by an accompaniment of attributes telling of barter and sale in Oriental bazaars; and India, who is also supplied with appropriate national emblems.

It is obviously apparent that the sculptor has studiously avoided allegory in his design, unless the dominant figure may be considered in this light, which it can scarcely be; all the others must be regarded as national portraits of living races, each being a representative man. As a whole the composition is fine, approaching to grandeur; while each portion would in itself take rank as a striking example of sculptured Art.

We are glad to be able to state that under the genial air and spring sunshine of the southern coast the health of Mr. Foley, the sculptor of this imposing group, is gradually improving. Our readers are aware that to him is entrusted the statue of the Prince Consort, of which a model was prepared some time ago; but Mr. Foley's long-continued illness has prevented him from proceeding with the work.

### INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION. THE BELGIAN PICTURES.

THE number of works catalogued, as of the Fine Art Department, amounts to more than 4,000; comprehending, besides Fine Art proper, decorative Art, fans, metal-work, carving in ivory, photography, tapestry, electrotypes, mosaics, &c. Of the vast aggregation of labour thus represented, we now select for brief notice those pictures of the Belgian school which, as types of their class, mark progress or decadence; the latter state being as well worthy of consideration as the former, since we see daily that Fine Art is of a constitution so delicate as never to survive abuse. It is proposed to distribute our notices of the picture-galleries through several consecutive numbers of the *Art-Journal*, dwelling scarcely more than inferentially on those works which present themselves either as worthy examples of a recognised class, or as scintillations of genius shedding new lights around them. But the fulfilment of even this very moderate proposition is sorely obstructed by the method adopted in numbering the pictures. What we mean is this—Of such a mass of material it is impossible that the visitor can even look at any considerable portion; he therefore marks in his catalogue the names of men whom, as a simple amateur, he knows by reputation; or, with a more extended knowledge, those whom he believes cannot paint an essentially bad picture; and here his facilities end. If he desire to see, say, for instance, No. 845, he will find it after a diligent search; and, if, having examined it, he wishes to see No. 850, which he hopes may be only a few removes distant, he discovers it, only after a careful inspection of the four walls, hanging on the other side, and at the further end of the room. Thus, of three hours passed in any given room, one half is spent in searching for the works we may wish to see first, our inquiry being considerably retarded by the extreme minuteness of the figures numbering the pictures. This is a serious grievance, and a source of vexation and weariness to those who visit the Exhibition for any specific purpose. It is useless to tell us that the arrangement is similar to the numbering and distribution of this or that exhibition. All that can be said in answer to this is, that every assemblage of works publicly exhibited should be catalogued in such a way as to cause the visitor no inconvenience and loss of time.

Among the contributors of paintings to the Belgian collection are the Prince of Wales, the King of the Belgians, and the Belgian National Gallery; but the selection represents the school only imperfectly. It may be that we have already had brilliant gatherings of Belgian works, but still this is an occasion on which the character of the school should be maintained *a fortiori*—that there are splendid pictures which have not been seen in this country; and again, that the interval since the last Exhibition has not been unproductive. It must, however, be said that the selection has been so made from the different classes, as to represent them severally with perfect justice, according to the means at hand, and to include some productions of rare excellence. To these we proceed to point attention, and to signalise the merits or demerits whereby they are rendered conspicuous. We turn to a picture (876), by E. WAUTERS, 'Mary of Burgundy vainly entreating the Sheriffs of Ghent to pardon her councillors, Hugonet and Humbercourt.' There is much to be learnt from this re-





ASIA.

(THE ALBERT MEMORIAL, HYDE PARK)

ENGRAVED BY R.A. ARTLETT, FROM THE GROUP IN MARBLE BY J.H. FOLEY, R.A.

LONDON, VIRTUE & CO





markable picture: it impresses us at once with the fact that the artist has been earnest in clearing away all state-ceremony from his version of the scene; but how far this is commendable in a state-enactment is a nice point to settle. He reads his history as a dry fact, asserts himself in preference to his detail, and supersedes history by the interest of Art. The princess wrings her hands in the earnestness of her supplication. Her two councillors are seated at the end of a small table, and the citizens of Ghent stand assembled on the right. Few things in its way are more masterly than the grouping, lighting, and character of the citizens, among whom there is more of the essence of the trade-guild than the odour of nobility. It is a work of great power, wherein the artist dismisses all the paraphernalia of false effect—indeed, a conception which few men would venture to attempt to realise, without a well-grounded consciousness of power to carry it out in its full force. No. 803, by J. DE VRIENDT, is 'Alain the Minstrel and Margaret of Scotland,' in which the lady is represented as having kissed the sleeping bard; and, in answer to the astonished looks of her attendants, says that "it is not the man she kisses, but the mouth from which have issued so many good words." This and the preceding are brought into direct comparison, not so much on account of the pictures themselves, as the diversity of manner they represent, and the influence the two styles exercise on men who are not morally strong enough to decide for themselves. M. Wauters' picture without the figures would be a blank; M. De Vriendt's work without the figures would still be a curious achievement, because every leaf and every brick is an individuality. Also by De Vriendt is 802—'An Offering to the Virgin'; it is, however, superior to the other in arrangement and effect, and much more successful as a study altogether.

Likewise in the same taste, 863, by F. VINCK, has for its subject 'The Confederates before Margaret of Parma, Ruler of the Low Countries'; it presents a spacious hall of ceremony, wherein the lady-viceroy, seated on a chair of state, and surrounded by her attendants, receives the Confederates, who are arrayed in every variety of civil and military costume. The whole is most elaborate in execution, and otherwise highly successful; but the effort of the painter in setting forth the probabilities of the situation is too conspicuous. There is, for instance, a certain awkwardness in the fit of the properties and appointments which is intended to show on the part of the painter a contempt for the pedantry of form and beauty of line. These works exemplify what is becoming a feature in Belgian Art, and must ever be distinguished by a certain amount of hardness inseparable from that method of work. Differing in everything from these is 828, by J. PORTAELS, 'A Box in the Theatre at Pesth,' occupied by three ladies who are painted according to rules conventional and accepted. There are many masterly points in the adjustments which could be realised only by the hand of an accomplished artist. The expression of the faces reflects the nature of a passing scene—one of moving interest; but the high merit of the painting is the breadth of middle tone in which the whole is worked. The artist has yielded to no temptation of the play of light which would have been fatal to the deep sentiment of the picture. 'The First Proof' (850), L. SOMERS, suggests, as a title, the working of a printing-press, but the conception propounds to us ideas and associations far beyond that

simple fact. Two monks have just drawn forth the proof of an engraving, which one of them contemplates with great interest. The picture is kept low in tone, but it is very effective. It is not often that we now meet with Madonnas, proposing in feeling and manner, to range up to the brightness and purity of the old masters; we have here, however, by C. VERLAT, a work of that class (860) by no means unworthy to take place by the side of even some of the most remarkable of the ancient pictures. It is almost impossible to conceive an agroupment of this subject, which has not already been utilised. M. Verlat, therefore, affects nothing new: the Infant Saviour is on the lap of the Virgin, and St. John is by her side. The features of the Virgin are somewhat heavy. 'Philippa of Hainault, wife of Edward III., gathering the Poor in the streets of London' (829), F. PAUWELS, shows very properly the queen in the exercise of her charity without the slightest allusion to her exalted position. As a study the merits of the work are conspicuous, but the subject is one of extreme difficulty, and the artist has not made enough of it. With this contrasts most favourably another work by the same artist (830), 'Return to Antwerp of Persons exiled by the Duke of Alva,' wherein is seen the crowd of exiles landing at one of the quays on the Scheldt, greeted lovingly by their friends, and overwhelmed by their own emotions on again entering their native city. The mass is very judiciously relieved by the sky and distance, for we look up the right shore of the river, where rise the spires and remoter buildings of the city. The subject is carried out with greater distinctness than the preceding; but it must be said of M. Pauwels, that though he exercises much taste in the selection of his themes, he does not sit down to them with a perfect apprehension of their difficulties, or with patience sufficient to exhaust the vein of their richness. In the attire of these exiles there is an unbecoming comfort and completeness which does not bespeak years of absence and privation. 'Retaliation' (867), J. VANKEIRSBIJCK, with the extract: "He said that the Spaniards will bathe themselves in the blood of the citizens"—an incident supposed to have taken place at Brussels in 1576—describes an attack made on a Spanish gentleman by a party of burghers. The Spaniard is attempting to strike with his dagger, but his arm is held, and he is borne down by the citizens, who are unarmed and in their working dress. This material would have borne treatment either as a large or small picture with full-length figures, but the painter has limited himself to half-length. In the drawing and painting of the burghers is a power and a substance worthy of all commendation, but there are two or three points which sensibly detract from the merits of the other portions. It has been the purpose of the painter to endue the features of the Spaniard with an expression of the most painful terror, but in this he has failed, and has left the face pale, insignificant—in short, entirely wanting in interest. Again, on the right, there is a bright yellow silk sleeve entirely unsupported in the composition, and, hence, what may be called a spot disturbing the general tone of the work. 'Field-Labourers—a recollection of Italy' (809), by A. HENNEBICQ, we instance as outraging all those canons of Art which have come down to us traditionally as articles of faith from those whom we recognise as the "old masters." We are now painting objects as we see them—accidents as they fall out—and are disposed to yield

to the *quattro* and *cinque centists* a better feeling for natural presentments than has ever before been accorded to them. The arrangement here is simple enough, as consisting of only a row of figures penetrating perspectively into the picture and on one side, without the slightest show of compensation on the other. The figures represent Italian husbandmen listlessly engaged in turning up the soil with little mattocks. The principle which we instance here is not at all peculiar to Belgian Art, but obtains now by universal consent. 'A Belgian Family under the Empire' (790), DE GRONCKEL, is the title given to a group consisting of two persons, an aged man and woman, evidently in misfortune. They cling to each other, hastening onward for better or worse, the empire being for them evidently a cruel reverse. The old man looks a gentleman, and his partner is his equal in position. The picture is eminently successful in its personalities, and particularly so in the lighting or rather shading of the figures, but there is yet much that is inexplicable, arising from the indefiniteness of the title. Were it not that the old gentleman wears a three-cornered hat of the Egham, Staines, and Windsor fashion, he might well be challenged with, "Which King—Bezonian?" but the hat hails from the first empire; yet why the pair should be described as a Belgian family remains to be accounted for, and hence it is permissible to ask if the title be correct. 'Punch' (808), T. GERARD, is a small domestic scene of surpassing brilliancy, admirable in *chiaroscuro*, and of unusual force in its lighted passages. There is a great array, but no confusion, of objects. We feel that the constituency is overdone, but the whole fits in like a well-adjusted puzzle, no single piece can be removed without injury to the whole. This is the result of elaborate and mature study, but such results sometimes transcend the limit of sound taste. The argument is of course the amusement of the children at the antics of Punch. 'Salambo' (761), E. AGNEESSENS, is a study of the head of a mulatto boy, really admirable in posing and life-like character. There is no striving after novelty, but there is novelty without effort which imparts much real interest to the picture. 'Cromwell at Lady Claypole's, Hampton Court, 1658' (822), A. P. J. MARKELBACH, is the death-bed scene, the solemnity of which is much enfeebled by the presence of other parties in the room, introduced with a view to an expression of space. But that the artist has not dwelt on the moving circumstance of the interview, it is as a composition very effective. 'Roma' (848), E. SMITS, is a large picture intended, as we read it, to present examples of the various conditions of the inhabitants of Rome, and also specimens of its visitors. Beyond this there is no story, but up to this point the picture is unexceptionable. The arena of display we presume to be the Monte Pincio, and we have accordingly a youth in the costume which painters love so much, and one or two presumed *contadine*, representing rustic Italy, a *bonne* and her charge look with longing at a basket of oranges in the possession of a street vendor. Beyond these are two priests, also a small party of English tourists, who are introduced with a touch of caricature according to the vulgar taste of continental artists when representing our countrywomen. In the background is a cardinal, attended by two lacqueys in the usual expansive livery of the princes of the Roman church.\*

\* To be continued.



## MINOR TOPICS OF THE MONTH.

THE INTERNATIONAL EXHIBITION was opened on Monday, the 1st of May, his Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presiding. It was a very brilliant scene—that which the great Conservatory presented, made gay by the presence of “rank and fashion,” by men and women of eminence in science, literature, and Art, and by the representatives of nearly all the leading cities and towns of Great Britain and Ireland. Certainly, it was a success, so far as the “gathering” went; the arrangements to make it “imposing” were admirable. The staff assembled in strength—decorated, of course, and the prince was surrounded by court dresses, which, we presume, are taken out of lavender, once in a decade. It was exciting, but also very pleasant, to follow the *cortège* through the several galleries—a state walk—and to witness another triumph of peace, saddened though the minds of many must have been, by a knowledge that war had shorn the occasion of the glories that might have triumphed there.

HER MAJESTY THE QUEEN has twice visited the International Exhibition, not merely as a formal visitor, but as a careful examiner of the pictures, sculptures, and objects in Art-manufacture it contains; and making minute inquiries in reference to some of them.

THE BANQUET OF THE ROYAL ACADEMY was, as heretofore, a grand affair. Princes and statesmen were the guests of artists; and their “Patrons” mustered strong. Of course, the usual toasts being given, the usual compliments were paid: the President received a large share of them. The proceedings, however, this year were by no means without interest. The profession and the public will be grateful for the improvements announced by Sir Francis Grant as in preparation; more especially for that which informs us of the intention to appoint a Professor of Chemistry: the chemist may be a powerful auxiliary to the painter in many ways, and help to do that for which posterity will be his debtor—preserve the value of his works, and retain their beauty and worth when he is an “old master.” That is something: but he may also enlighten artists in matters concerning which they are now utterly ignorant—causes as well as effects. That was not the only piece of good news the President communicated: the schools have been greatly improved. He said:—

“I may mention that whereas, taking the average of the last nine years, the school formerly cost the Academy £2,500 per annum, the expenditure last year amounted to £4,500, and when all our arrangements are completed, I am assured that they will not cost less than £5,000 per annum, paid solely from the funds of the Royal Academy for the gratuitous education of our numerous students.”

It is also to be noted that the cause of charity has not been neglected by the Academy; the monies obtained by the exhibition of ancient and deceased masters were thus expended. Last year the Academy bestowed on different charitable institutions connected with Art, the sum of £750, and this year they have voted £1,200 for the same object and also £150 towards the construction of a museum of architecture for the benefit of young students in architecture. These are truly “important reforms and improvements,” and we thank the Academy for them. A little more advance, and the Institution will become as popular as it has been hitherto the reverse of that vast good.

THE NATIONAL GALLERY has received the collection of pictures purchased from Sir Robert Peel. They occupy the last room but one in that wing of the building which formerly was held by the Royal Academy, and are very judiciously hung; and, as it seems to us, they have been as judiciously cleansed from whatever impurities time may have gathered on their faces. Most of them are in new frames, or in those which have been regilded; when the glitter of this new dress is somewhat subdued, the pictures will gain by it a greater degree of harmony. We recommend our friends to pay an early visit to the “Peel” room, and can promise them a treat of no ordinary kind in this rich store of paintings by the old masters of the Low Countries. If the Chancellor of the Exchequer prompted, or at once acceded to, the purchase of these works, he has almost condoned in our opinion whatever offences have arisen out of his late budget; and even the match-makers of London, should any of them find their way into the room, might almost be disposed to forgive the right honourable gentleman his attempted trespass upon their industry.

MR. HENRY DUKE has nearly completed a commission given to him, at the instance of Sir William Boxall, R.A., by the Bishop of Cape Town, for a copy of Bramantino's large and fine picture, in the National Gallery, of ‘The Adoration of the Magi.’ We have had an opportunity of examining the copy, of which we can speak very favourably so far as we saw it in its comparatively unfinished state. It is intended for an altar-piece in the cathedral now being erected at Cape Town, from the designs of Mr. W. Butterfield, of the Adelphi.

MESSRS. AGNEW AND SONS, whose enterprise seems almost to be without limits, have recently purchased from the executors of the late William Bashall, Esq., of Farington Lodge, near Preston, his splendid collection of English pictures, eighty-five in number, of which we gave an account so far back as 1857. Among the works which have become the property of the purchasers may be pointed out F. Goodall's ‘Episode in the Happier Days of Charles I.’; Sir E. Landseer's ‘Red Deer’; E. M. Ward's ‘Josephine signing the Articles of her Divorce’; W. Collins's ‘Minnow-catchers’; P. F. Poole's ‘Crossing the Brook’; ‘Marina playing to Pericles’; and ‘Ferdinand and Miranda playing Chess in the Cave’; Sir C. L. Eastlake's ‘Gaston de Foix taking leave of his Wife’; Hilton's ‘Cupid disarmed by Venus’; Sant's ‘Infant Samuel’; and ‘Child Timothy,’ a pair; and his ‘Soldier's Home’; C. Stanfield's ‘Arona,’ and ‘Edinburgh, from the Leith Roads’; D. Roberts's ‘Interior of St. Jacques, Antwerp,’ and ‘Bethlehem, looking towards the Dead Sea’; F. R. Pickersgill's ‘Capture of Carra-ra’; A. Elmore's ‘Novice’; J. C. Horsley's ‘Madrigal Party,’ and ‘The Administration of the Holy Communion’; T. Creswick's ‘Over the Hills and far away’; J. Linnell's ‘Summer Eve,’ and ‘The Flock,’ &c. &c.: a list which, if no more were to be added to it, would convey no inadequate idea of the value of the collection. Several of the above pictures, as well as others from the gallery, have appeared in the *Art-Journal*, through the courtesy of their late owner, as engravings either on steel or on wood.

MESSRS. NEGRETTI AND ZAMBRA, who have done so much for Stereoscopic Art,—indeed, for Art in many other ways,—have recently produced a series of coloured photographs on glass of very great interest and merit, which cannot but add largely to the delight experienced by all who resort for it

to the stereoscope. The main purpose in colouring these views was to remove the “snowy” appearance which materially impairs their effect, yet is a fault common to all landscape photographs, whether on paper or on glass. By a method of “atmospheric tinting” which the artist in these improvements adopts, the defect is entirely got rid of. The object is seen as it is seen in Nature—Nature at its brightest. The views thus coloured are applied not only to the ordinary stereoscope, but to the magnifying stereoscope and the oxy-hydrogen lantern, two renowned issues of this famous firm; the latter magnifies an object to 40 feet in diameter. Of the effect thus produced we cannot speak; but the views are deeply interesting and very beautiful, seen by the common instrument—so interesting and so beautiful that, if brought within reasonable cost, they cannot fail to take the place of all others—those on glass as well as those on paper.

MR. ALDERMAN BESLEY, who, as Lord Mayor of London in 1870, gave so much satisfaction to the citizens, and whose official year was famous for hospitality, has had a marked compliment paid to him. MR. J. E. WILLIAMS, the eminent and accomplished artist, was commissioned to paint a portrait of his (then) Lordship—“A splendid annual” as Theodore Hook termed the Lord Mayor for the time being—and the portrait was presented to the Alderman by the subscribers. It is excellent as a likeness, and admirable as a work of Art. The gift was accompanied by a warm and cordial address, and Mr. Besley responded with his usual eloquence: for that is true eloquence which expresses, in few and apt words, exactly what a speaker desires to say, and an audience wishes to hear.

THE ARTISTS' AND AMATEURS' SOCIETY held its last *conversazione* for the season on the 4th of May, with a large and attractive exhibition of oil-pictures, water-colour drawings, portfolios of sketches, &c. &c. These *réunions* are most pleasant and profitable gatherings.

THE BRITISH ARCHAEOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION will hold its congress this year at Weymouth, under the Presidency of Sir W. C. Medlicott, Bart., D.C.L.

THE BURLINGTON FINE ARTS CLUB is making arrangements to have an exhibition of early examples of English water-colour drawings.

A STATUE OF GENERAL SIR JAMES OUTRAM, the funds for which have been subscribed by the friends and admirers of the late distinguished officer, is to be placed on the Thames Embankment, near Hungerford Bridge.

MESSRS. ANDREW HANDYSIDE & Co., the eminent and extensive iron-founders, of Derby, have issued a “trade volume” of engravings of vases, fountains, and other objects for gardens, lawns and conservatories. We have engravings of more than one hundred: some are from recognised models, such as the Warwick and Townley vases; the greater part, however, are from original designs, furnished by accomplished artists, some of whom are retained at the establishment. In so large a variety there is, therefore, ample room for choice; indeed, the only danger is from an *embarras des richesses*. They are charming ornaments, placed anywhere about “grounds.” They will bear the severest test of light; for as castings they are admirable, sharp and clear as marble, while as objects of Art their excellence will satisfy the most advanced amateurs and severest critics. It is of much importance to many to know where such productions are to be obtained. This is by



no means the only cast-iron work the firm produces: in the list will be found examples of railings, decorated tanks, pedestals, fountain-jets, and a score of other matters essential to the garden and conservatory.

**ARTISTS' ORPHAN FUND.**—His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales presided at a dinner (in Association with the Artists' General Benevolent Fund), the object of which was to augment "The Artists' Orphan Fund," towards which large sums have been already contributed; the total amount now exceeding £12,000. We have frequently referred to this project: the precise nature of which we are even now unable to comprehend. It is not, we believe, intended to form an Institution; but rather to place applicants, being orphans of artists, in some one or other of the Orphan Institutions already existing. We have strong doubts as to the policy of this plan. How will it be if there are no artists' orphans to be found? Such we more than think will be the result of the search the committee has undertaken to make. Matters may be changed for the worse since 1859; if there were no orphans then, there may be many orphans now: such, however, we believe, is not the fact. In that year (1859), Mr. S. C. Hall conceived the idea of establishing an Asylum for the orphans of artists, and transmitted to artists and Art-lovers some 300 or 400 circulars of which the following is a copy:—

"If an asylum for the orphans of artists be formed to my satisfaction—under circumstances of which I approve—and under such auspices as I believe will ensure its success, I am willing to present the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ to such Institution, or to contribute annually the sum of \_\_\_\_\_ to its support."

In answer to this appeal Mr. Hall obtained promises of gifts to the extent of £300, and of annual subscriptions to about the same amount. But he soon ascertained that he had commenced the work at the wrong end: that no orphans of artists were to be found, in England, Ireland, Scotland, or Wales; consequently the project was abandoned. It is hardly necessary to add that Mr. Hall took all possible means to ascertain that fact, before he relinquished the undertaking; writing first to the secretaries of the two Artists' Benevolent Funds in London and then to the secretaries of the several Art-societies throughout the kingdom: *there were no orphans of artists in need of help.* There may be some now; an eminent engraver, recently dead, has, we understand, left seven or eight children unprovided for; probably there are others: they must be sought out. We very much doubt, however, if this new charity be at all wanted, and are strongly of opinion that the plea so ably made by His Royal Highness, and the very large subscriptions that resulted from the appeal, will be of "none avail," on the ground that what would be freely given there are none to ask for!

**MR. CHEVALIER**, an artist of very great ability, who has been during many years travelling in Australia and New Zealand—exploring many intricate parts of these countries, dwelling for months together in "the bush," alone with his Art—is about to show the results of his brave and perilous journeyings, by exhibiting his drawings and sketches at the Crystal Palace. It will be a free exhibition; but one of deep interest and of great value. Probably it will consist exclusively of views in New Zealand—a vast country now very closely associated with Great Britain; more so, perhaps, than any other part of the world: yet, of which at present we know little or nothing. There are few who can conceive the stupendous

grandeur and the surpassing beauty of the scenery. Thousands will be astounded when they see these "portraits" of mighty mountains and delicious valleys: no doubt, the result will be to send many tourists to New Zealand—not so very far off, in days when steam annihilates space. Mr. Chevalier travelled part of the time in the suite of His Royal Highness Prince Alfred; and for him a large proportion of the drawings and sketches were made. The Crystal Palace is to be congratulated on this addition to its attractions.

**THREE VERY CURIOUS AND INTERESTING PICTURES** have been recently brought to England by Dr. De Plongeon, who obtained them in the interior of Peru, from an ancient church where they had been, almost literally, buried for centuries. There is no doubt whatever of the fact; Dr. Plongeon is a well-known and highly-respected man of letters, whose travels in Lima and Peru have been published in New York, and he is furnished with credentials of conclusive character. The principal of the three pictures is a painting of 'The Purissima,' evidently by Guido, which, however, contains the monogram of Murillo: it is a work of refined beauty, and worthy of the master to whom it may be safely attributed. Another picture, "attributed to Murillo," and obviously of the Spanish school, is a portrait of a young monk, St. Antonio, to whom the Saviour appeared as an infant while he was at prayer. The third is of undoubted authenticity—the work of the painter whose name it bears, Juan de Castillo, the first master of Murillo. It represents St. Augustin, Bishop of Hipona. The bishop is represented leaning on two large volumes lying upon the table, with their backs towards us, upon which we read these titles, "De Trinitate." He wears his mitre and robes; his head is raised as if in prayer. The face is singularly expressive, the eyes especially. Behind him, seen indistinctly in the depth of shadow, is the figure of a child, who seems as if about to interrupt him. This subject, we have no doubt, was suggested to the painter by the following legend of the church:

"One day, when the saint was engaged upon his great work on the Trinity, he went down to the seaside to meditate. Walking along the beach his attention was drawn to a child apparently at play, and he went towards him. The child had made a hollow place in the sand, to which he was carrying water in the palms of his hands, repeating the journey again and again. The Bishop said, 'My child, why do you do this?' to which the reply was, 'I wish to put all the water of the sea in the hollow I have made.' The bishop smiled at the child's simplicity, and said, 'Nay, but you can never do this thing; it is impossible!' The child arose, and, looking up into the bishop's eyes, replied, 'And yet it is easier for me to do this than for you to comprehend the Trinity,' and vanished."

An examination of these curious pictures will amply repay a visit to the rooms of Dr. De Plongeon, at 25, Montague Street, Russell Square.

**ΑΠΟΘΗΚΗ ΟΦΕΑΙΜΟΝ ΓΝΩΣΕΩΝ.**—Such is the title of a monthly Greek illustrated magazine, of which the first two numbers have reached us. Proposed as an advertising medium for foreign merchants, it eschews the current politics of the day and devotes its pages to classic and modern scientific literature: as an illustrated periodical therefore it does not deal with incidents of every-day life. One of the papers in the first number is headed *ιστορία του οὐρανοῦ*, another *ἡθολογία*, and a third is an article on Socrates. The illustrations in the two numbers are engravings from Turner's

classic pictures;—'Dido and Æneas,' 'Ulysses deriding Polyphemus,' 'Ancient Italy,' 'Venice,' and 'The Temple of Jupiter, in the Island of Ægina.' The second number has an engraving from MacDowell's sculpture-group, 'Love Triumphant.' The agencies established for the circulation of the magazine are numerous, comprehending every important town in Greece, also Constantinople, Vienna, and Manchester. It is published, in London, under the editorship of Mr. S. A. Parasyrakes.

**COUNT D'ORSAY.**—At a *conversazione*, held somewhat recently at the London Institution, some drawings by the late Mr. Nicholson were exhibited by Mr. Draper, who expressed a belief that the sculptured works especially, which passed as those by Count D'Orsay, were done by Nicholson. In our notice, last year, of the death of the latter, indisputable evidence was adduced in proof of the fact.

**THE COUNCIL OF UNIVERSITY COLLEGE** has paid Mr. W. Cave Thomas the compliment of electing him a Life-governor, in recognition of his services in the cause of education and Art.

**THE SOCIETY FOR THE ENCOURAGEMENT OF THE FINE ARTS** is making arrangements to open, in the autumn, an Art-college for students of both sexes, chiefly by means of lectures. It is proposed to commence the session with lectures on Æsthetics and the History of the Fine Arts, by Dr. Heinemann; on Anatomy, with a special class for ladies, by Mr. J. W. Walton; Light and Shade and Composition, by Mr. J. R. Dicksee; Perspective, by Mr. J. Sadder; and on Music, by Mr. A. Gilbert. Other lectures are in contemplation on Architecture, Geology, and Meteorology as applied to Landscape-painting, Modelling, Painting, &c.

A **MEDIAEVAL SIDEBOARD** of very great merit has been recently manufactured by Messrs. FRANK SMITH & CO., of Southampton Street, Strand, which we regret not to find in the International Exhibition, so as to have enabled us to engrave it. It is from the design of Mr. H. W. LONSDALE, a young architect of great promise, to whom has been awarded the "travelling prize" of the Royal Academy. The sideboard is in the mediæval style, is made of walnut-wood, and has a high back to it, surmounted by a cove in which are painted, on gold grounds, various fruits of the earth. Below the cove is a shelf for the display of old glass and china, &c., and, immediately underneath, there are small lockers, in the panels of which are painted the emblems of the seasons—four charmingly-designed heads. And again, in the centre of the panels of the lower cupboard of the sideboard, are depicted birds and beasts, fishes and insects. The metal hinges and locks, &c., are also worthy of note, which are made of highly-finished wrought-iron work, and being "tinned," form an excellent contrast to the dark colour of the wood. The work does great credit to all concerned in its production—Mr. Lonsdale, the designer, Mr. Hart, who painted the figures and emblems, and Messrs. Smith, the manufacturers. Messrs. Smith have obtained large and sound reputation as producers of ecclesiastic decorations and furniture. They are now, and with equal success, directing their attention to the manufacture of house-furniture of mediæval character—some examples may be seen at their establishment, and photographs of many they have executed. These will carry conviction of their capabilities to issue truly good things under the guidance of accomplished and experienced artists.



**BRISTOL CHINA.**—At a sale, in April, at Sotheby's, a tea-service of Bristol china fetched a most extraordinary price. The tea-pot was knocked down at £190, and was afterwards re-sold in the room for £210. The cream-jug sold for £115. A chocolate-cup and saucer, damaged, for £90, and other tea-cups and saucers at the respective prices of £70 and £40. The slop-basin, also damaged, fetched £60, and has since been resold for £75. True, the quality of the porcelain was exquisite, and the service had the additional value of the historic interest attached to it, for it was a present from Champion, the manufacturer, to Jane, wife of Edmund Burke, who that year, 1774, had been elected member for Bristol. The enthusiasm displayed on the occasion was unprecedented, and it appears, as related in Marryat's "Pottery and Porcelain," that Burke himself having stayed with Mr. Smith of Clifton during the election, ordered a service from Champion, which he gave to the wife of his host. Her initials S. S. are inscribed upon each piece of the service, which is carefully preserved in the family. The teapot that has now attained this unheard of price, is white and edged with a coloured decoration. It is enriched on each side with a central design representing Cupid standing on an altar, between Britannia who holds a cup of Liberty, and Plenty with his cornucopia. On the side of the altar is an escutcheon, bearing the arms of Burke-Nugent, and beneath, on the plinth, a Latin inscription setting forth that "Richard and Judith Champion gave this, as a token of friendship, to Jane Burke, the best of British women, on the 3rd November, 1774." The cover of the teapot is surmounted by a wreath of biscuit flowers. The decoration of the service is attributed to the enameller, Henry Bone, R.A., at that period an apprentice to the Bristol Porcelain Manufactory. At the same sale, one of those biscuit-plaques with a wreath of flowers in relief, for which Bristol was so celebrated, having the Burke arms, sold for £99, and a similar specimen, with the initials J. B. (Jane Burke), for £53. Who will not admit that Bristol china is literally worth its weight in gold.\*

**MESSRS. LIAS AND SON** have exhibited, privately, a chalice and paten, silver, richly gilt, made by them for the Rev. W. Sparrow Simpson, to be presented by him to the Cathedral of St. Paul, of which he is a minor canon. The chalice is in the style of the Renaissance: its height is 10½ inches, the bowl engraved with wheat and grapes, and enriched with six medallions of the symbols of the Passion—viz, the cross, the open book, the Agnus Dei, the three nails, the crown of thorns, and the sponge and spear—all in high relief. The ornamented stem is relieved with bright flutes, and the principal boss enriched with six medallions of the Greek cross. The whole of the base is elaborately chased (*repoussé*) with wheat and grapes, and enriched with six medallions containing the Latin cross and sacred monogram; the *chiro*, the arms of the cathedral, and the arms of the donor. Underneath the base is a suitable inscription, having reference to the giver. The paten measures 8 inches in diameter: the centre is quite plain, the edge being engraved with wheat and grapes, and enriched with six medallions—the symbols of the passion—to correspond with the bowl of the chalice. Both are admirably made—fine examples of sound and graceful workmanship.

\* The chocolate-cup and saucers, which sold for £90, would weigh about 6 oz. This would be four times more valuable than an equal weight of gold.

## REVIEWS.

**A MEMOIR OF DANIEL MACLISE, R.A.** By W. JUSTIN O'DRISCOLL, M.R.I.A., Barrister-at-Law. Published by LONGMANS & Co.

WE are not in the least disposed to scan too closely the claims of this little volume as an adequate tribute to the memory of a distinguished artist, for its author entirely repudiates any such pretension; and there is no attempt to analyse the character of the works of Daniel MacLise, or to pass judgment upon them. Mr. O'Driscoll's sole object appears to have been, as the intimate friend of the lamented painter from his boyhood, to put on record some recollections of his earlier years, and to associate with these such events of his after-life as his correspondence and works give rise to.

The late Mr. Sainthill, of Cork, and Crofton Croker were the first to recognise MacLise's talents when he was a young boy studying in the School of Art in that city. A sketch he made of Sir Walter Scott, when the great novelist and the lad happened to be together in a bookseller's shop in Cork, brought him great notice, and soon after he commenced practice as a portrait-draughtsman, in which he found full employment. "As his marvellous skill of hand," writes his biographer, "became every day more extensively known and conspicuous, men of genius, wealth, and eminence were to be found in his *atelier* sitting for their portraits, or glancing over the last creations of his magical pencil. . . . He was then a singularly fine and muscular lad, and rather famous for feats of agility and strength." In 1827 he was in a position to accomplish a long-cherished wish—that of coming to London, and entering the schools of the Royal Academy. Crofton Croker exerted himself at this important epoch of the artist's career to make his talents known to those who were able to promote his interests—men and women of literary fame, of whom Mr. O'Driscoll gives a rather extensive list. The award to him of the gold medal by the Academy, in 1829, for the best historical picture from a given subject, 'The Choice of Hercules,' was a triumph that naturally filled the young painter's mind with unmeasured delight; and he pours forth all his exuberance of feeling in a characteristic letter to a friend, Mr. (afterwards Dr.) Mac Evers: "The *Times*, *Morning Herald*, *Post*, and all the evening papers," he writes, "noticed me, and I shall be puffed outright, I think, in the literary papers. I have notes from all quarters; this moment, one from L.E.L." (Letitia Landon)—"Your well-merited success gave me every pleasure but surprise."

The most attractive part of the volume will be found in MacLise's letters, especially such as passed between him and his intimate friends, Mr. John Forster and Charles Dickens. None of them throw any, or at least much, light upon his Art; they are little else than personal narratives, descriptions or places he visited—Paris, for example. The correspondence respecting the works executed by the painter for the Houses of Parliament occupies many pages, but we learn from it nothing more than what at various times has been discussed and animadverted upon in our own columns. It is evident MacLise felt most deeply what his biographer calls "the injustice with which he was treated by the Fine Art Commissioners"—treatment "well calculated to wound his feelings and depress his energies. On the other hand, he must have derived some satisfaction from the sympathy of those whose prominent position in the Art-department of literature made it more than ordinarily acceptable. Intrepid remonstrances, addressed to the Palace authorities, appeared in the columns of the *Art-Journal*, *Athenaeum*, &c., but without the slightest effect."

From the Art-point of view, this memoir of the painter from the pen of his friend, may not be all one would desire to see; yet we by no means regret that Mr. O'Driscoll undertook the task. He says he presents his book to the public with "unaffected diffidence;" this he need not have remarked: his story of the artist's life, so far as it extends, is very pleasant reading; it is written in a frank and genial spirit, by one

whose taste and judgment have led him to know where to stop in matters of personal interest, so as not to intrude the feelings of private friendship into a narrative that concerns only the painter in relation to the public. MacLise's labours in the studio tell their own tale.

**HANDBUCH FÜR KUPFERSTICHSAMMLER.** Von Dr. ANDREAS ANDERSEN. Published by T. O. WEIGEL, Leipzig.

Although based upon Heller's handbook, we do not hesitate to record Dr. Andersen as the author of this work; for he has made it, as it were, his own by very careful revision and laborious and extensive additions. Heller's book notes none of the artists of the last twenty years—indeed, a compilation of this kind, to be perfectly useful, must keep pace with the times; and even a few years hence Dr. Andersen's work will require a new edition. The portion now published extends only to Dürer, the multiplicity and variety of whose works thus catalogued and described enhance in the estimation of the artist the already brilliant reputation of this man. We recommend the work conscientiously as indispensable to the print-collector, and as a valuable auxiliary to the Art-student and essayist.

**THE PEARL PHOTOGRAPHIC ALBUM.** Designed by MRS. BARRINGTON. Published by A. SHAPCOTT, Rathbone Place.

This very admirably-bound and beautifully "got-up" album has nearly 200 designs for enclosing photographs, of various sizes, ranging from a square inch to six or eight square inches, some of the pages containing spaces for half-a-dozen. Many of the designs are novel and beautiful; the artist has resorted for suggestions to all imaginable sources, some of which are hardly within the sphere of Art. Leaves and flowers naturally give here the best supply, and of these she makes judicious use.

The book, therefore, either nude or fully clad in photographic graces, will be accepted as a desirable acquisition to the drawing-room; and to fill it may be a pleasant task to the circle in any home. The prints are in outline, and fair hands may fill them up; colouring the designs and, it may be, putting drawings into the frames: indeed, suggestions are made for such drawings, and taste and ingenuity as well as Art may be exercised in making of them memorial pictures.

The publisher has done his part with great liberality—in binding, printing, and paper.

**AN ILLUSTRATED NATURAL HISTORY OF BRITISH BUTTERFLIES.** By EDWARD NEWMAN, F.L.S., F.Z.S., &c. The Figures Drawn by George Willis, and Engraved by John Kirchner. Published by W. TWEEDIE.

Premising that we have not the least sympathy with the pastime of butterfly-hunting—for which boys of all ages appear to have a most provoking special predilection—we may remark that Mr. Newman's dissertation upon the beautiful insects will be found very useful to those who pursue the subject as a study of natural history, by enabling them to distinguish their varieties, and to ascertain the localities where each is to be found. The information is ample and intelligent; while the engraved specimens are, so far as the absence of colour permits, sufficient for identification.

**OLD MERRY'S TRAVELS ON THE CONTINENT;** with numerous Illustrations. Published by HODDER AND STOUGHTON.

We cannot say if "Old Merry" be or be not a noun of multitude; but all the books that bear the name are sound and good—interesting and instructive. There is nothing very new in this pretty volume, but the several journeyings are pleasantly recorded, and may be read to great profit by the young. The writer takes us to familiar places—not only as an intelligent guide, but as a cheerful companion and a judicious counsellor, making the way agreeable and "merry" by anecdote and tale. The engravings are of much excellence, illustrating the text by buildings, scenery, costumes, &c.